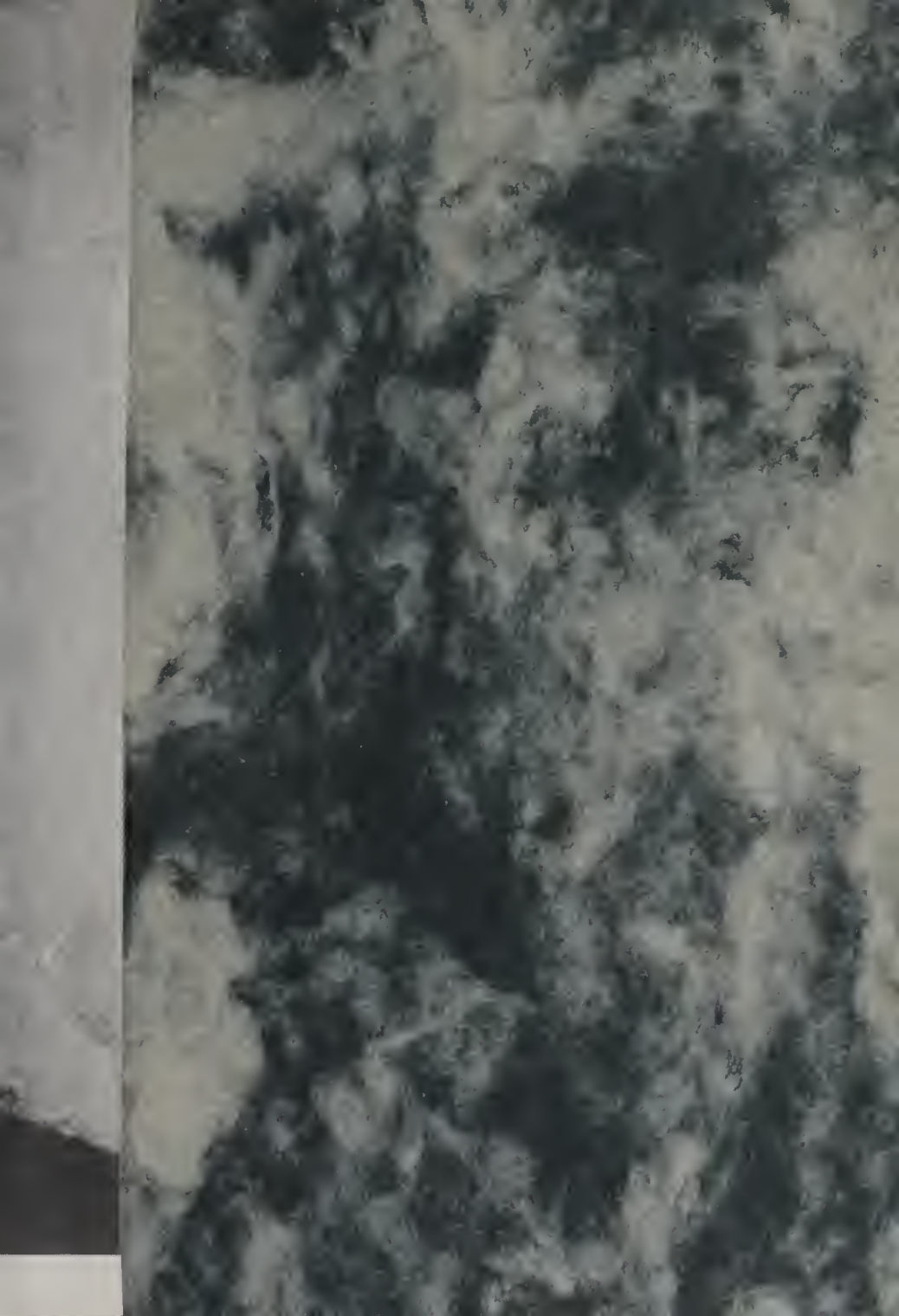


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SKETCHES
OF THE
LIFE OF WILLIAM STUART,
THE FIRST AND MOST CELEBRATED
COUNTERFEITER OF CONNECTICUT;



COMPRISING STARTLING DETAILS OF
DARING FEATS PERFORMED BY HIMSELF—PERILS BY SEA AND LAND—FRE-
QUENT ARRESTS AND IMPRISONMENT—BLOWING OUT OF JAIL WITH
POWDER—FAILURE OF ESCAPE AFTER HE HAD LED HIS
COWARDLY ASSOCIATES OUT OF THE HORRIBLE PIT,
IN SIMSBURY, INTO THE PRISON YARD, &c.

AS GIVEN BY HIMSELF.

BRIDGEPORT:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1854.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854,
by WILLIAM STUART, in the Clerk's Office of the District
Court of Connecticut.

TO THE READER.

AFTER a lapse of years, when the mind has attained its full maturity, a retrospect of the past affords lessons of instruction to the world. My life has been crowded with events of no ordinary magnitude, and the reasons for sending this epitome forth upon its errand of mercy, are many and cogent. In the first place, my conduct was ever such that even my name and place became subjects of interest to the people of my native State and the commonwealth adjoining, and to gratify a numerous class of citizens, I have entered upon the task. If I am the hero of my own story, my heroism was displayed in distinct opposition to the laws of the land.

Tens of thousands are partially acquainted with the facts, and unless I communicate them as they occurred, and detail their extravagancies and peculiarities, they would be liable to misrepresentation. I desire that my course of conduct for thirty-five years, may, in the opinion of the people, at least, mitigate the asperity of my previous life, and measurably bury the dislike and hatred of the people, which once were justly raised against me.

I am getting advanced in life, and if I stand now as a beacon to warn the young and ambitious against vice and crime, my history will be a gain to the world. For a series of years, I was perpetually involving myself, my connections, and the community, in troubles and losses. These are calamities incident to an unjustifiable attack upon the institutions and laws of the land; and if in the course of events I became the suffer-

er, I have only to aver that the necessities of order and justice required my punishment.

I give this outline to the world, to warn men inclined to criminal courses, of the unmitigated evils attendant upon a wilful disregard of honesty, public morals and legal enactments. I have been no guide to the world; but now in my age, I ask the reader to scan these pages, that he may learn better than to follow my early example.

The work has been prepared in great haste, under the pressure of multiplied labors, and, being unlearned, errors, no doubt, abound; yet the facts herein delineated are literally true, and the moral deducible from them, is deemed to be important to the community in this world of vice and crime.

I have been urged also to engage in this task by the citizens of our State, who rank as politicians, as counsellors, as statesmen, and as christians, and to comply with their importunities and the demands of the public, asking of all pardon and forgiveness, I accede to their request.

BRIDGEWATER, 1854.

CHAPTER I.

*General reflections on diversity in human character—
Early developments—Evils of bad associations in
youth—Fondness for mischief in school boy days—
Revenge on school teacher—manuring his son and
painting his cow—Hammering silver coin to defraud
somebody—Paying dearly for a frolicsome outrage
at Norwalk.*

WE live in a strange world—irregular, uneven, showing marks of convulsion, disruption and overthrow. Some portions level, productive and beautiful—others, broken, rocky, forbidding and inhospitable. Such are its inhabitants, swayed by interest, prejudiced by perverse passions, ripe for ruin and desolation; others, honest and upright, possessing integrity and candor, frowning upon any thing evil, and rejoicing in purity of character and consistency in life.

Early training has much to do in the forming of future purposes, and a reputation oftentimes arises from such early instructions. But the best of examples are sometimes profitless; the sagest counsels are frequently disregarded or treated with contempt.

Dr. Young says, "Man is the maker of his fate!" Is he not? Are there peculiarities of structure, which urge one to vice, and encourage another in the ways of wisdom? One boy is prone to roam over the world—another seeks retirement and tranquillity.

One, from childhood up, is candid, honest and confiding; another is mischievous, vicious, and ready to follow in the pathways of evil.

Though training may do much to guide one properly, yet it frequently fails of success; all efforts seem to be lost, and the youth thus misdirected by his propensities, becomes a general disturber of every community in which he may be placed.

Men are urged onward by strange influences, and though seeing the right, perversely adopt the wrong, and persist in it. I am no metaphysician or astrologer, nor calculator of the destinies of man. Of one fact I am certain, there is no necessity laid upon man to adopt and pursue an evil course. It is bad in beginning, worse in continuance, and ruin in the termination. If a boy chooses corrupt and vicious ways, it needs no spirit of superior prophecy, to predict, with unerring certainty, his ruin.

I am sixty-six years of age. My course has been strange and tortuous, but I am not what I once was. I have seen the evils resulting from my conduct heaped upon me, beyond count and weight. I have seen and felt it all, and I know that wisdom exceedeth folly as far as light exceedeth darkness. If you read my story, and consider it well, you will soon see that every course but the right, inevitably leads to ruin. If a rogue would spoil himself only, the evils to society could be more easily borne by the community, but he involves his friends in trouble, sacrifices the feelings of his parents, and brings tearful eyes and saddened hearts upon a large circle of associates and acquaintances.

In early life, as long ago as I can recollect, I loved mischief. I took delight in playing pranks. My school-boy days were full of trouble, but somehow I liked it. I valued a frolic, and that sort of a frolic which involved some one in trouble, vexation or broken shins. I entered into such scenes with spirit, and many a time have received a thorough flogging for my waywardness. Revenge was a darling passion, and I nourished it most prudently. When only six years old, I was called a shrewd, high tempered, malicious boy, fully bent on mischief, and before I was ten years of age, I had the reputation established of being a demi-devil.

I suppose this trait of my character was truly drawn. — I had a rare knack of involving others in difficulties and escaping myself; yet it was often said that no one but me could have concocted such schemes of deviltry, as others were caught in consuming. I was usually successful in my mischievous projects, and if, ever caught, and I received a sound drubbing, it only set my mind in agitation to contrive some way in which I might wreak full and ample revenge. Such was the business of my early days. Its results are fully portrayed for a series of years, in this history of my eventful life. I have felt the sum of human misery, the result of my evil propensities, and uncontrolled impulses. At the age of twelve, I imbibed a great love of money, and resolved that in the most expeditious way I would become rich. I cogitated with myself to find out the easiest way to accumulate wealth, and at the same time, indulge my

vicious heart wanderings and diabolical schemes. Water melon patches received thousands of nocturnal visits; peach orchards were a favorite resort.

I continued in school about four years, and if any boy ever got thoroughly whipped, I was he. I have visited the Southern States, and have seen the effects of Slavery, and all its horrors. I have seen despotism displaying its merciless tyranny over its fellow man. But in all the cruelties inflicted on earth, ignorant school-masters, such as I have known, seemed most to take delight in merciless atrocity and heartless barity. Such punishments nourished in me my already active spirit of revenge, and he was a favored one that escaped the full effects of my shrewdness and indignation.

Edward Coburn kept our school, and I attended. Coburn thrashed me almost daily, and his boy, three years older than I was, was constantly quarreling with me. I contrived a scheme to gratify my revenge. While at play at school, accompanied by a dozen boys, we mounted a hog pen sewer of one of our neighbors, and there sat in angry conversation. In a careless moment, I caught him by his feet, and threw him over the fence into a large quantity of semi-liquid manure, and after two or three ineffectual efforts to extricate himself, he rose upon his feet, a hideous specimen of pollution. I started for home, and laughed heartily at his inglorious situation. Upon my way, not satisfied with my prank on his boy, I passed Coburn's house; a new axe was standing by his wood pile in the street, and I took it up and used it for five minutes

on a granite block. Its cutting properties were soon disposed of, and I threw it down, and passed on, much pleased with what I had done. The next morning Coburn came to my father's and asked him if he would permit me to turn the grindstone to sharpen the instrument. Father looked at the battered thing, and rather objected, "but," said Coburn, "I saw him dull it on a rock, and I think he ought to help grind it." My father thrashed me then with a cowhide whip, most thoroughly; and I tugged and sweat at the grindstone about five hours. Since that time I have never engaged in the grindstone business. The boy's filthy clothing was now brought forward, and I was compelled to wash them, which took me some hours. This was the hardest day's work that I ever did.

My debt of revenge, instead of being liquidated, had now largely accumulated. We pastured Coburn's cow, and with the aid of a single boy, we drove her into a wooded corner of the lot, and while he held her by the horns, I painted her skin with a pot of tar, from head to foot, and tied her tail to one of her horns. I went to the house and got a bag of feathers, and shook them over the cow, and rubbed them into her tarred hair until she looked like a strange brute. Notwithstanding all the search that was made, the efforts in finding the culprit proved unavailing. This affair comforted me much, but I had not done. I got a hand of tobacco, and persuaded twenty of the boys to chew it just before the school went in. In half an hour no cholera hospital ever showed such a miserable stock of patients; the school was broken up for the day, and after tracing

out the author of the mischief, my father whipped me, and the next day the schoolmaster gave me another sound drubbing. The debt and credit system was about evenly balanced. Thus time passed till I was seventeen years of age.

During these four years I employed my leisure hours hammering sixpences into shillings, and twelve and half cent pieces into quarters of dollars.

I was a high boy, rude, bold, fearless, reckless, but shrewd, cunning, artful, and full of mischief. I was ever getting the boys into trouble, and if a girl played me a trick, it was not forgotten until full payment was given. I was a great rambler, engaged in every frolic and in every row. One day I went to Norwalk with Lyman Mills, an old associate, and we were well satisfied that a certain house kept by Kate Olmstead, was occupied chiefly by a half dozen bad girls. We staid in the village until evening, and then started for home. On our way we stopped at old Kate's den, and the girls were overjoyed to see us. Lyman and I took a pen knife and slyly ripped open a feather bed. Lyman held open the ripped bed, and I caught up one of the girls, called Pöll Rider, and shoved her into the bed among the feathers and threw her upon the fire, and we fled. The next day I was arrested and taken to Norwalk for trial. Poll appeared against me with her head as bare as a lapstone. I tormented her all I could, and Mr. Betts, my lawyer, contrived every scheme to delay the Court. I owned up finally, and when inquired of why I did this mischief, I told the Court that "I had read of burnt offerings to the

Lord, and it was my intention, by casting Poll into the bed, and throwing her upon the fire, to make a burnt offering to the Devil ;” and from singed Poll’s appearance, I had well nigh succeeded.

The case went against me, and I was then tried for breaking into the house, and general abuse. Taking the whole concern together it cost me over two hundred dollars. But I had property now, my father having recently died, leaving me three thousand dollars. I had the frolic, and felt satisfied. I kept hammering out the silver pieces. There is some skill in it. I took two pieces of sole leather and enclosed the silver between them, and with a shoe hammer upon a lap stone, beat over the centre of the coin, and in three minutes, sixpences became shillings, and shillings became quarters. But this sort was not enough. I melted pewter, and run it in moulds, and thus I could coin one hundred quarters in an evening.

CHAPTER II.

Remarks on rum and grog-shops—Revenge on Abbott for selling poor liquor—Paid him in pewter coin—Alcohol leads to crime, and afterwards exposes the criminal—Going to a widow's wood benefit—Stole a goose roasting for the teamsters' supper—Passed on in quest of greater sights—About this time, (1806,) at the age of 17, visited Pennsylvania, and became so much attached to a young lady, as to produce partial reformation for a few months—Cheated by a neighbor in a horse trade, and balanced account by selling the cheat a piece of beef cut from an old horse.

There was a man in the neighborhood by the name of Michael Abbot, who kept a grog shop. He reduced his liquors largely, and sold them as genuine. We found out the secret how the old man served his Rum, and as every one then drank Rum, I treated all the boys and girls, and paid him in pewter coin until he got (with some good money,) two quarts of it. He then went to Norwalk village to pay the wholesale dealer and he found out the trick, and then abandoned the business. But my pay was as genuine as his miserable Rum. I was always glad of it.

Men are not by nature terrible creatures. The vicious spirit, without aid, would chiefly die out; man would see that right is better than wrong, and that

kind humanity was preferable to savage barbarity, and his erring propensities would become less dominant. Man is an inventive being, and as appetites and passions are developed earlier in life than the reasoning powers, he is instinctively led to provide means for their gratification. He seeks for fuel to keep these appetites warm and active, and hitherto he has been successful.

Ardent spirits are the resort of all rogues. It makes the cowardly fearless and courageous. It transforms the heart of kindly feelings and pleasing sensibilities, into a demon. All rogues drink. Every vicious man loves rum. Every gross, vulgar man, loves the bottle. A rogue cannot persist in roguery without it. Reason would rightly lead him, but rum whips away the smallest particle of sober sense, and gives wings to drive him onward in vice and crime. The good man, under its influences becomes voluntarily insane, and is made ready for almost every evil work. Spirits have these peculiar properties; they are the only articles in nature or art that dispossess the reasoning powers, and give full scope to the appetites and propensities. They fascinate and charm their votaries, and make men tyrants and despots, the subjects of caprice and passion, giving a will to commit crime and a power to consummate it. They blind men always. Light is thus shut out from the understanding, and wayward passion or brainless fatuity is manifested.

Rum is the reason also why rogues are caught. It divests the rascal of his usual cautiousness, and his

secrets are revealed; then his end comes. The longer a criminal escapes the talons of the law, the bolder in iniquity are his operations, and the more he becomes attached to his drink, the more likely is his arrest. Hence a man cannot be a continued rogue without rum, and hence should rum be driven from the land, no man for one year would follow a criminal course. He would abandon it. The aliment that fed the propensity would be withheld, and as an inevitable consequence, our criminals would be few, and our criminal codes verily useless. But why argue this question? the calendar of our courts, the facts, the confessions of criminals, the observation of the sober portion of our communities, confirm this declaration. If I had committed one roguish act, I should not have persisted in my course unless it had been for rum.

To go on with my story: After the above mentioned trial, and the loss of two hundred dollars in fines, costs, &c., it might seem that I should consider my ways and avoid future trouble. Does a fish once partially caught by a hook, learn a lesson of future prudence when a new and luscious bait is presented? My minutes of deliberation were "few and far between."

A few days after the closing up of my expense bills, I harnessed my horses to a sleigh, took in three or four hale fellows, and drove over to Weston to a wood frolic. A Mrs. Dickenson, rather poor and unprovided for, had assembled her neighbors one afternoon to bring from her woodlands fuel enough to last her a year. We got there as evening set in. A plenty of

grog and cider, together with roasted turkeys, geese and beef, were provided as a compensating repast for the services of the teamsters and wood choppers. I passed to the roaring fire to warm me, and there hung a pot upon a trammel in which a large fat goose was roasting for supper. When the widow's attention was called from her cooking department, I lifted the pot-lid, took out the goose and carried to my sleigh box, and there deposited it. I returned to the house and called my companions, and each took a glass of grog, then jumped into the sleigh and drove off to a dancing frolic five miles to the eastward, leaving the goose pot empty, and none but I knew it.

We arrived at the place, and there was a frolic in earnest. The 'Greenfield hell fire club' was there, and rowdyism stood rampant upon every nail in the floor. Rum, tobacco, rude men, noisy girls, two black fiddlers, and a thorough going kick up was in operation, and if the infernal pit had been vomited upon the spot by a volcanic eruption; the medley and confusion would not have been greater.

I produced the goose, but it was tough, having seen many years before its decapitation, and if it had been cooked a century, an epicure could have calculated its longevity. Mrs. Ann Lyon was the chief cook, and mistress of the kitchen. She was a large, fat, masculine woman, and having associated much with rowlies, her vernacular had acquired the peculiar characteristics of such company, so that her conversation was unbecoming a civilized state of life.

She had grey bullet eyes, a turn up nose, large

mouth, plump cheeks, but dirty face, disheveled hair and worn out clothing. Her shoulders broad as a table, and with her wide extended back, if she had been a beast of burden and a quadruped, she might have been useful as any donkey in christendom, for the transportation of a large family on a thanksgiving day. While she stood bowed before the fire, basting her turkey, I took a dozen dining plates from her already spread table, and set them upon her back. After basting the turkey, the old woman rose erect, the plates fell off and broke the whole of them.

In due time the table was re-set, and her turkey was devoured in a very few minutes. Dancing and revelry re-commenced, and the boys and myself after taking each a full horn, paying old Jezebel for her plates, took up our half roasted goose, and drove back to Mrs. Dickenson's wood frolic establishment. I quietly carried in the goose into another room and set it upon the table against the wall; we then passed into the room where the old woman and her girl were seated, and called for liquor and drank it. We called for a supper of pan-cakes, and the old lady and her sister cooked them as fast as they could, and we ate them as rapidly as they were cooked. We paid our bills and sat down by the fire. One of the old maids passed out of the room, and saw the roasted goose on the old table, and verily thought that the old lady being disconcerted by the noisy woodmen, and the potatoes she had drank, had placed the goose there herself.

All things being settled, we started for home and went to bed. Verily, "the way of transgressors is

now, my career had been headlong, and wayward, and so far as I can recollect, the hard scrapes, wild encounters, and dangerous frolics had not weaned me from a desire to follow them hereafter. Some said the devil was in me, but I have truly thought that this grave personage reviewing my reckless course, made up his mind that I was doing up his work with the skill of a master, and that I needed none of his counsel to carry out his infernal purposes.

I am now in my history up to the year 1806. My age was 17 or thereabouts, and I was unchanged in my views, habits, tendencies and aspirations. By direction of my deceased father, I went out to Tunkhannock, in Penn., upon the Susquehanna River, and brought out my grandfather to spend his latter days in Wilton, Ct. He came on with me, attended by a young lady, a cousin of mine. She was bright, active, intelligent, and of the most perfect features, charming as a houri. She and I took a liking to each other, and had not I been a cousin to her we should have been married, and then my life would have passed quietly along, and this history would not have been written, nor the incidents herein related ever occurred.

In the autumn of 1806 she returned to her home. During her stay I had been industrious and steady, and worked on the farm, but now she was gone, my old habits and propensities awoke ; I roused from my tranquillity, and was ready to recommence a course hard." Thus ended another week of hard toil, of wild frolic, and of expensive jollity and rowdyism. Up to

which for months had been wisely neglected. She seemed a guardian angel to me, but when her fascinations were withdrawn, the world seemed lonely, and I launched out upon it, committing my future destiny to the events that might happen to occur before me. The sequel will show strange things, aberrations, perversity of character and their results.

The fall season had arrived. Our fields had been well tilled, and our barns were filled with grain and hay. The grain was thrashed and delivered in market. The idea of going out upon the Susquehanna was rivited upon my mind, and I secretly determined to make the journey.

I went to market the day before thanksgiving for the last time. Whilst I was absent, my brother, by my advice, butchered a cow. When I returned, the beef was suspended upon hooks in the cellar. Nathan Bedient, a neighbor, came and wished to buy a piece of beef. Some time in the previous summer, this man sold me an old horse for seven dollars, recommending it as very useful before a team of oxen, but he proved to be good for nothing. I gave him five dollars on the spot. Beside the horse being useless, he had a fistula upon his shoulder and was ringboned. I was then no joekey, and he cheated me completely. I told him of it, and he laughed at me. My spirit of revenge burned in my heart, and I saw how I could gratify it. This old horse had for some weeks roamed over the farm, and had become somewhat fatted. I told Bedient to call in the morning, and I would sell him some beef. It was a pleasant

night, the air was mild, and the moon shone as brightly as that planet could shine. When the family had gone to rest, I went out into the field and butchered the old horse, so that I could have some beef when Bedient called; I was careful to furnish him with a piece that had no bone in it. I cut off a bit from the shoulder near the sore, put it in cold water to cool down the animal heat, then hung it up to dry. In the morning it looked nice, fat and yellowish.

Bedient came for his beef. I got the steelyards and it weighed 39 lbs. This beef paid the two dollar mortgage for the purchase of the old horse, beside, some change due me. The same day (it being thanksgiving,) Bedient invited his neighbors to take a thanksgiving supper with him. At the proper time the guests came, and partook of the repast. They all ate largely of the beef, so tender, luscious and juicy, and thought it the best they ever ate.

The story was too good to keep, and in a month or so, the truth leaked out, and if ever man was overwhelmingly mad, Bedient was the man. Before he had heard of the trick, when he met the girls of the neighborhood they would whinny at him, but he did not then understand it, though it annoyed him beyond measure. Bedient said, "to eat an old horse, and then bear the scandal of it, is too much." He tried to get up a prosecution against me, but he failed of success. This beef stuck in his crop, and he became a by-word in the community. He endured it for a time, but sold out and fled to the West to escape from his neighbors.

CHAPTER III.

Another journey to the Susquehanna—Took his mother's money, obtained for grain sold, threw his bundle of clothes out at the chamber window in the evening, took his colt and started off—Was cheated in New-Jersey by a clergyman in a horse trade—At Easton, Pa., found a large sum of money, and was offered sixpence by the loser as a reward—Reflections on meanness—Difference of manners between Pennsylvanians and the Steady Habits of Connecticut—Mixed with the lumbermen, who were mighty to drink whisky—Soon learned to handle all the before unknown ropes of iniquity equal to the best of them—Narrative of drunken carousals, low dances, fighting, gouging out eyes, arrests, trials and fines for riotous outrages and other crimes, in going and returning on the Susquehanna rafting expeditions—Narrow escape of death by a panther.

My journey to the west was now uppermost in my mind. I wished to see the Susquehanna, but more especially the bright eyed, beautiful girl, who spent a few months with us. I saved all the money that I could gather, went to Norwalk and got the pay for all the grain I had delivered there, and came home to Wilton. My mother teased me for the money, and I went up stairs, tied up my clothing, and cast it

out of the window in the rear of the house. I returned to the kitchen, and mother asked me again for the money. I told her that I would first go to the barn and take care of the cattle.

I had a beautiful colt, worth then one hundred dollars. I put on the bridle and saddle, tied on my bundle of clothes, and started for New York City. I led the colt on through the night, and when morning dawned I was in White Plains. Thus I went onward to the City and staid over night. The next morning I crossed into New Jersey, and went on to Morristown, leading my colt laden with a two and half bushel bag of clothing.

In passing the village, a venerable looking man working in his garden, called to me, and enquired where I was going. I honestly told him. He then asked where I was from, and what was my name? I told him all. He then enquired the name of my father, and I gave him a candid reply. He told me that he had visited him in former years, preached in his neighborhood, and was well acquainted with him. He urged me to stay all night, and in welcome. I consented to tarry. He was a Presbyterian preacher in that town, and appeared sober, honest and religious. In the morning he prayed devoutly, and asked the Lord to be my Guardian and Protector in a land of strangers. He appeared very devotional, a man that "feared God and eschewed evil." He gave me much advice, urged his counsels in sober earnestness, cautioned me to beware of hypocrisy, to keep out of the way of temptation, to shun evil associates, the cor

ruption in the new settlements, and the vice of youth, insincerity.

Thus with his holy and sacred hands upon my head, he bowed to me from the door of his house. I went to his barn, led out my colt, bridled and saddled him, and put on my bag of clothing, and led him into the street. The venerable man put on his cloak and solemnly passed out of the gate near me. He says to me, "young man, you'll have a toilsome journey; would it not be better for you to have a beast that you could ride? You are young and tender, and I fear that you will give out upon the way in a strange land, and fall into the hands of sharpers, who have not the fear of the Lord before their eyes!

"Can I not advance your comfort, promote your health, and do you a great kindness? I have a fine mare in the stable, fleet, sound; sure footed, and very serviceable, well worth more than one hundred dollars. I hate to part with her. She is kind, gentle, great bottom, and safe for a child, yet fully able to endure hardship and long journeys; I will show her to you, and though rather thin, she has no superior for beauty and excellence! I value the creature, and my family prize her highly, but to oblige you, I will exchange with you for ten dollars. I dread the sacrifice, but it is for the son of an old friend, that thus drives me from my interest. Your father was a good man, a kind father, a stay of the church, and for his son's sake I am made willing thus to aid the youth! My heart yearns over you, and may the Lord bless you."

He led out his mare, I gave him ten silver dollars, put upon the beast my saddle, bridle and baggage, mounted it, and with a low bow, moved onward in my journey. After riding five or six miles very slowly, I found my new horse sweat like rain, although the weather was quite cool. But I jogged on, and before I had rode a dozen miles my horse would stub and stumble every rod. I stopped and fed him, and rubbed him down. He seemed tired; but in an hour I resumed my journey. I got to Easton, Penn., just at evening, my horse being positively unable to go any further. Superadded to his exhaustion, the last few miles he limped so that at every step I was fearful that he would fall and break my neck. I got to a tavern and stopped, I found out here that the horse had got a chronic disease, and it was this that made the beast so thin and poor. I thought the matter over much. I remembered his advice and sage counsels, and I have not yet forgotten his ministerial demeanor, his apparent candor and open frankness, and I trust I never shall.

This horse was fatally diseased, and he knew it. It bore no marks of a harness or saddle, and he could not have used it if he had tried. I, a poor boy, had been most shamefully fleeced out of 110 dollars, and in reviewing the subject, rebellious execrations rose to my tongue that were too big to escape from my mouth. He said his name was Smith, and sure enough, he hammered with the sledge of piety upon an anvil of hypocrisy, a great shave out of me. The Lord reward him according to his works.

I staid in Easton at the tavern four days, and gave my horse medicines. These relieved him some, but I found his days were numbered. The Hotel keeper was kind ; I aided him, took care of the horses of travelers, and he charged me nothing. While I was there two gentlemen in a carriage rode up to the door, took out their overcoats, requested me to groom their horse and feed him. They then passed into the house. Between the wheels of the carriage I saw a pocket book ; I picked it up, put it in my pocket, and led the horse to the barn, and gave him provender. I then examined the pocket book ; it was full of money, and I returned it to my pocket. In an hour the gentlemen called for their horse and carriage, and I brought it to the door. They stepped out, and I enquired if they had lost any thing. . One of the men said he had lost his pocket book, containing all that he was worth except a few shillings. It contained twenty thousand dollars. He described it, and I gave it to him.

In his thankfulness and generosity, he put his hand in his pocket and took out a sixpence and offered to me, as he said "to buy two drinks." The landlord told him that my drinks were furnished gratuitously by him, and he put his sixpence back into his pocket. The men jumped in the carriage and rode away. The landlord's face began to redden, and a burst of execrations escaped from his lips with withering force.

The meanness of this man had a pernicious effect upon me. The landlord said "he was a villain, and if his money had fallen into other hands, or been found by those that knew him, it would have been lost for-

ever." In the view of the landlord, this gentleman was corrupt and dishonest. He had traded at Wind Gap, a settlement upon the Delaware, been anxious to sell his goods on credit, and urged his customers to buy largely. In an unexpected hour he laid upon them expensive lawsuits, drove them from their farms, and ruined them by scores. Such being the case, the wretch scarcely deserved the name of a gentleman, or the restoration of his money. The offer of a sixpence "to buy drinks," as a compensation for my honesty, and an inducement to do the same under like circumstances, gnawed upon my mind. I was led to exclaim, O the meanness and littleness of man; his touch is pollution, his embrace is death! Wherefore then the iniquity of illegalized roguery? The race is corrupt, the heart is loathsome, then why not I make the most out of this world, in the way I choose to adopt? Why may not every man contrive his own plans, and execute them unmolested in his own way? What is law? What are human rights? What better is honesty than crime, so long as oppression is allowed to the few, to lord it over the many? Who make the hewers of wood and the drawers of water in the world? Is it not those who have gained money by injustice and extortion? Such sentiments passed through my mind, and they closed up the avenues of my heart, which previously stood wide open to mitigate the calamities of life.

I did not wish a reward for my honesty, I did not silently ask myself how much would be the recompense; but I did not expect the chilled serpent

that I had restored to life by communicating warmth and sustenance to his system, would rise, hiss, and deadly bite his benefactor. A more forbidding and selfish heathen, a more heartless scoundrel could not, in civilized society, be permitted to drawl out the meanest existence. These facts injured me. They soured my temper, dried up the sensibilities of my heart, and induced me anew to declare open war upon the race.

I tried to forget this incident, but it produced such a strong impression upon my mind, that I have often thought it must have made a track in the substance of the brain. Since that period, whenever I have seen a mean, selfish man, disgracing his nature, and sinking himself below the level of the most despicable brute, the whole affair at this town in Easton has arisen in my mind with all its vividness and distinctness, as though it had occurred only yesterday.

My stay at Easton was four or five days, and I mounted my sick and jaded horse for the Susquehanna region. I progressed slowly, my horse being feeble, but in four days the Tunkhannock Mountains showed their cragged eminences, and through them passed the rapid waters of the Susquehanna River. I arrived at the house of my uncle, and found his family in good health and spirits, and there also the beautiful girl, whose charms kept me steady for some months previous.

This region of country was wild and picturesque, and the people generally were Dutch and Yankees,

of the most filthy, wild, and vulgar kind that could be conceived. I had just left Connecticut, and its enlightened communities, and had dropped down as it were, among a race as debased and corrupt as those who have already entered the stygian pool.

But though this state of society was first so repulsive, I soon got used to it and became somewhat gratified with their rude, drinking, boisterous characters. I resolved to stay a year, and try my fortune among them. I was engaged in diverse pursuits. Sometimes I hunted bears, sometimes panthers, wolves, deer, &c., for the woods and mountains were overcharged with game. Sometimes we had frolics of the most noisy sort. We drank whisky, not in half gills, as it is taken now, but in gallons and barrels. Every family had their whisky cask, and it was drank by old and young, male and female, as plentifully as if it were cow's milk.

It can easily be conceived what followed such a course of life. Every evening a gang assembled at the numerous taverns to drink, tell stories, and fight. When they had become half drunk, they were noisy and quarrelsome, gouging out the eyes was one of their barbarous practices, and nearly one third of the German population had but one eye. I saw one day, a horse with one eye, carrying upon his back the husband, wife and child, each with only one eye.

This gouging they called sport, but I thought it dear. Upon every Sunday, crowds collected at the taverns, and the day was spent in drinking, swearing and

fighting. The people were usually poor, as they spent their time and money at these domestic hells. The world was here abounding in lumber. We chopped down the trees, sawed them into boards and planks, made rafts, and floated them down the river to market. We stopped nights, and invariably had sprecks, quarrels, fights, and in a general break-down and drag-out style. In the morning we went upon our rafts and rowed down stream until night. Then another general storm broke out, and the scenes of the preceding evening were repeated. Thus we went on till we held up at tide-water, delivered our rafts to the merchants and left them.

These rafts were numerous, and each was accompanied by three men. Fifty or sixty rafts oftentimes went on in company.

We returned up the banks of the river on foot, with dogs and guns. Whether raftsmen have reformed I have never learned; but if they continue up to this day so reckless, profane and brutal, the state of society where they congregate must be infernal.

Upon our returning tours, every night was wild with carousals, gambling, fighting and their kindred vices. For a young man like me, associating daily and nightly with these clans of wild human beasts, and entering as I did, with full soul and heart deeply into vices and petty crimes, it soured my sensibilities, steeled every kind emotion, and drove me onward to delight and glory in being an outcast from decent men. My nature was easily led at an infinite remoteness

from the practice of every virtue, and like the others, I madly rushed headlong down the steep of remediless ruin. Before we got back our money was wasted and gone, our bodies defaced by the encounters in which we had been engaged, our clothing as tattered as an Italian Lazzaroni's, and our moral tendencies extinguished in utter darkness.

I was from the land of steady habits, having been reared in the vicinity of churches and schools, and here I was then, indulging in revelries of pandemonium. When ruminating upon this subject and these scenes, in the after calm and sober periods of my life, the remembrance of the perilous times when I was first among the foremost in daring vice, has caused me to shudder; and the advice that I would give my fellow man is, to go as far from the example I have set, as "from the centre to thrice the utmost pole."

In our returning trips, besides the rowdyism, drunkenness, profanity, gambling and debaucheries, we were by day continually annoying some man or brute, committing mischievous pranks and petty thefts upon the rude population. We called at a widow woman's house and asked for milk, and while she was gone after it, we lifted the lid to her half barrel churn, I put in the cat, and Wm. Keeler crowded the brute with the dasher to the bottom of the cream, and the churn lid was restored. The good woman gave us as much Milk as we liked; we thanked and left her to make cat butter for her family. If any reader curses me for my ingratitude, all I can say is, that I deserve his execra-

tions, and to be executed "without the benefit of clergy;"

At another time, being alone and out of money, I found a cow in the woods with a bell strapped to her neck. I approached her soothingly, then sprang and grasped the bell strap, and the cow ran like a deer through the brush, jumping and kicking at me. The bell strap finally broke, and I gained the noisy prize.

Evening drew on, the clouds covered up the sky, and night was near at hand, and menaced me with utter darkness in the woods. At a little opening I espied a tavern stand upon a grass plat near a bend of the river, and entered it. I told the landlord that I had no money, but that I had found a bell in the woods, and he agreed to give me supper, lodging and breakfast, and a dollar and a half for the bell.

I give these two facts as specimens of my enterprise upon my journeys, and the heartless condition of my mind. Daily occurrences of like turpitude, were committed by me and my associates. It was then apparently a God-forsaken and God-forgotten country. Not a church or a school house in the distance of 250 miles. How could men reform? And by this continued intercourse with each other, the whole community became "earthly, sensual, devilish."

After my return from a rafting expedition, our rows, dances, frolics, gamblings, fightings, and carousals, were renewed, and although previously at these orgies there seemed no execrable condition on earth to rival them, yet in this school of infamy, our gangs saw that we had increased our wicked and diabolical propensi-

ties. The females delighted in these accessions of grossness and vulgarity, and were apt scholars to learn the rudest phrases that could shock modesty and decency. But the men were more wicked than the women. In a genuine good natured frolic and dance, the girls always manifest more elated spirits than the men. Their cheerfulness and hearty love of mirth and festivity much exceed in fulness and gleeful satisfaction. They were not cast in the roughest molds, and though rude and untaught, they graced the festive scenes with charms that such periods in their absence could never command. Such was the case in our hop at Zu. Sherwood's, near to Mrs. Hadley's, the landlady of Beach woods. This spree made me some trouble, but furnished sport for a month. Our dance was at Sherwood's, but our entertainment was furnished by Mrs. Hadley, in the immediate vicinity.

About eight o'clock in the evening, we were summoned to the supper. The weather was cold, and the Susquehanna solid as granite. Among the delicacies of the supper table, Mrs. Hadley set out in the centre an earthen pot filled with candied honey, and it was so solid it was with much difficulty that we could get the honey from the pot. While the landlady's back was turned, I rose from my seat, took up the pot of honey, carried it out of door and put it in an oven a rod from the house.

We paid up our bills, and the old woman did not miss her honey. As we returned to the ball room, I took along the pot, broke off the earthen encasement,

and set up the mess of honey on the table. Every girl and boy took what they liked, and ate it. The men filled their great mugs with whisky, sweetened with the honey, and we treated ourselves and the girls as long as they could drink. The ball closed about the same time that the honey was consumed. In very truth, we had a *sweet* time.

No man ever saw a company in better spirits, and well they might be. Whisky and honey loosened my tongue, and the fun and the frolic was of the nicest kind. Daylight found us at home. In the morning poor Mrs. Hadley missed her honey, and was wide awake to catch the rogue. Of course I was suspected, and old Squire Worden issued a writ against me and gave it to a squash headed constable by the name of Jonathan McMullen, to arrest me.

I got wind of all these movements, but took a horse and carried some grain to mill. As I was returning, McMullen came from above and sent below to intercept me in a narrow bend of the road. I looked around and saw the whole: a mountain on one side, the Susquehanna upon the other, and the Sheriff with his agents before and behind me. The river was now swollen from a rain storm of the day before, the ice breaking up, and every avenue of escape was cut off. In every emergency I made up my mind quickly, and entered upon my determinations with a resolution which only death could thwart. I turned my horse's head towards the river, and the fields of broken ice, and in a full gallop I ran him from one cake to

another until we landed safely on the opposite shore. I proceeded up the Susquehanna unmolested, tarried through the night and the next day; then rode down and settled with Mrs. Hadley; gave her my note for the honey and costs, to the amount of fourteen dollars, and this note she, if living, probably holds against me until this day.

I bought a sawmill and worked in it all the spring, except when rafting, or upon a frolic. I made considerable money, but my expenses, whisky bills, and petty lawsuits consumed it all and run me in debt. I staid here two winters and one summer. During the second winter three of us went into the woods to make shingles. We built a shanty for our purposes, to cook and sleep in. Frequently in pleasant weather we kindled a fire of shavings out of the house. On a certain evening, my comrades went to bed early, and I took a pail and went to a spring twenty rods distant, and brought up a pail of water. Before starting I threw my arms full of shavings upon this outdoor fire, went and got the water and returned. The fire had just begun to creep among the shavings.

All at once it flashed into a blaze, and a panther within four feet of me, and until this moment undiscovered, jumped from me, and uttered his dismal scream. The fire scared him, and that heap of pine shavings that I had thrown upon the embers, saved me from a violent and awful death. The pioneers of a new country have a hard life. Meagre and coarse diet, the wild beasts of prey on every hand, the hungry wolves, the strong and elastic panthers, the bear with

her whelps, the poisonous snakes, and the pestiferous swamps, each and all seize upon man as a chosen victim. He is compelled to be vigilant, and soon becomes accustomed to his twenty dogs, and his death dealing rifle. He is his own sentinel, and woe be to the careless man who forgets his own duties, and trusts to chance or dexterity for his own safety.

CHAPTER IV.

Returns to Connecticut, with some misgivings on parting with newly formed associations—Soon after reaching home, visited Norwalk to greet old friends, and was unexpectedly introduced to a wholesale dealer in counterfeit bank bills—Enlisted in that service—Changed a large amount into good money in a few days—Soon heard my banker had been arrested at Springfield—Started off with tools to assist in liberating him from jail—Found on arriving there that he had already escaped—Not long afterwards, he re-appeared to Joe Mills, and again supplied us with bills in sheets—In a few months I visited Canada and bought counterfeits in barter trade.

In the spring of 1807 I left the wilds of the Susquehanna and returned to Connecticut. I regretted to leave the place, rugged and dangerous as it was, and the associates who had mingled in the noisy dance, and steeped their brains in gallons of whisky punch. But I resolved, and my resolutions to go ahead were never turned aside by the prayers and tears and entreaties of friends, nor by the threatenings of enemies. But this once, I own I began to tremble at my indecision and irresolution.

The young lady before alluded to, whose presence at my mother's house had so charmed me, and whose

kindness and affection shed upon my darkened soul so many rays of celestial radiance, I could scarcely leave. She followed me with tears and uplifted hands, the picture of innocence and beauty, and conjured me to return. I stopped my horse, turned him around, and with an aching heart began to reconsider my determination. My will would not bend ; it was unyielding as the massive oak, and never before trembled under the influences of affection and attachment.

Shall I now become a child, and act the part of a love sick boy, whimper, cry, and make myself a reproach to my own heart, and a fool in my own estimation? As quick as thought I wheeled my horse, put him into a gallop, dismissed the idea that the angelic object that I had left forever would think of me still with undivided affection.

I rode on carelessly, intent on driving from my mind the anxious interview and unrivaled charms of this blossom of the mountain and river, ruminating on the scenes through which I had passed during nearly a year and a half. I looked as I supposed, for the last time upon the ever varying landscapes,—had heard the last panther's scream and the last growl of the savage and hungry bear.

I determined on taking a different road home from that over which I traveled in my outward journey. I resolved not to pass by the house of my hypocritical jockey, being fearful if I ventured that way I should curse him as St. Paul did Annanias and Sapphira, and

that like results might follow my malediction, and I might be condemned to the gallows by a court and jury who would not understand and give due weight to the provocation. The impression on my mind respecting this wolf in sheep's clothing, I vainly hoped might be supplanted by a more pleasing theme. I thought over my hard life, my escapes, the fearlessness that urged me onward, and thus I kept musing until I discovered a church steeple and fancied to myself that the ghost of Smith, the friend of my father and the volunteer advisor of his son, who practised such an abominable fraud upon my confiding honesty, was verily present. My thoughts recurred to the pocket book I had found, and the creature encased in the skin of a man with the heart and action of a viper. As I moved onward in my way, the things of the world appeared pleasing and desirable. I saw farms that I coveted, and cattle and horses that exhibited perfection in form and in beauty of movement, and every thing conspired to cheer me and point to a period in my life when friends and plenty should smile on me.

In a few days I arrived in Wilton, Conn., and found my friends in good condition and pleased to see me. I had rambled so much and so long, that I soon found a quiet life had no charms to interest me. I was not contented at home, though the open door and kind friends within always made me welcome.

Norwalk, on L. Island Sound, was quite a village, and here business men met to transact their affairs. This little town had its full share of the devil's bles-

sing, i. e. grogshops. Drunkenness was then the great sin of our country. Every man drank spirituous liquors daily; but when men from the country went to market, they took their extra glasses, as well for friendship's sake as because they loved the creature. Every boy of fourteen drank daily. Strong drinks were considered essential on all extra occasions. There could be no public concourse assembled without the aid of rum; and hence some overdrank and quarrels ensued. It did then as now, destroy the equilibrium of the brain, and produced strange emotions and conceptions in the mind of the drinker. It augmented sources of disturbance, caused dissension, induced lawsuits, and gave a false coloring to every thing pertaining to life. Wild speculations and subsequent embarrassments, usually have their origin at the grogeries. Young men meet at these places to concoct schemes of every sort; and if injustice, iniquity and crime ensue, these dens were the spot in which all the plans were laid.

My intercourse with the young men of our vicinity was of the most perfect frankness. One afternoon Joseph Mills and myself went down to the village to see what "we could scare up" in that quarter. After inquiring for the news, the gossip of the neighborhood, the stories afloat about things in general, and chattering with the inmates of the tavern, we repaired to the bar and took brandy. Soon after, as old acquaintance gathered in, we turned a cent to see who should treat the company. The stake fell upon

one of us, and we drank another glass. Conversation now became general, of fast horses, of serapes, of balls, and of carousals. We became loud and noisy, yet good natured and full of fun.

During this time, a gentleman came in and took his seat. There seemed to be a defect in one of his eyes, for he wore a green shade lying close over one eye ball. After some of our company passed out, this man went to the door and beckoned to me. He probably had heard something fall from my lips which led him to think I was a good deal of a boy. I passed out upon the piazza with him, and in a whisper he asked me, "Can you keep a secret?" I replied, I can if I say I will.

We went out in the rear of a building on a little knoll, where now stands the barn of Stevens' Hotel. The stranger again enquired of me, "Who is that man with you?" I said, Jo. Mills. "Can he keep a secret?" I said yes; and he directed me to call him. I did so. He then asked, "Is there a private place near here, where we can talk over a secret, for I have something to tell you?"

We crossed the Bridge together, and turned into an open piece of woods, out of sight of any of the people, and sat down upon the grass and herbage. I now saw that the patch of silk over his eye was used to blind others—not himself. He appealed to our honor again to keep our transactions hidden from the view of the people, and swore to keep his revelations secret.

He now took from his person a roll of Bank Bills ; told us they were counterfeit, and offered to sell us some of them. Neither of us understood what counterfeit bank money was. He explained it to our satisfaction, and we now saw how suddenly we could become rich—have our pockets lined with gold, and live in affluence and ease.

It was Burroughs' money, and to our eyes at least, as good as genuine. A great fact astounded us both. He engaged to furnish us for ten dollars a hundred, any quantity that we wished ; but he said, "Keep the matter dark ; say nothing ; be prudent and cautious, and in six months you will each be worth \$50,000." Was not here a golden bait ? What greater inducements could be laid before the senses of an ambitious and unscrupulous youth ?

I always had a love of money, intense and ardent, even though I frequently spent it prodigally. I valued it while it was in my possession, and as soon as it was gone I cast about to see what means would avail me to get more. Here I found out the secret, fitted perfectly to this passion of mine. He offered me 300 dollars for my horse, saddle and bridle, and I accepted the offer.

We went back to the tavern and took another drink ; then he mounted the horse I sold him and left us. This horse and saddle was worth 35 dollars, good money.

I staid with Whitlock, the tavern keeper, during the night, and Mills put his horse in the barn and slept with me. I let Mills have half the money. Du-

ring the evening I got a ten dollar bill changed, and in the morning Mills paid the landlord another ten dollar note, and we left for home. Mills and myself cruised about the country, getting our bills changed at every opportunity; and in a fortnight we had no money but good, and regretted much that we had not taken more.

This counterfeit money was on Albany and Philadelphia banks. They were the first of the kind ever in circulation, and the people received them as genuine and almost without one look at them. In five or six weeks I heard that our banker was in jail at Springfield, Mass. I provided myself with tools, and mounted my horse and rode to Springfield, with a determination to liberate him. When I arrived there, I found that two nights previous he had helped himself and escaped from the prison. All I had to do was to return to Connecticut and wait impatiently for him to visit us with an immense amount of funds.

In two or three weeks Joseph Sherlock, our banker, as he promised us in the woods, came to Joseph Mills' house with a mint of bank money. Mills' house was our head-quarters. Sherlock brought the money in sheets; we oiled the sheets—then folded them in blotting paper and ironed them, when the paper became flexible; and this process removed the stiffness and rattling.

This time we got more than a thousand dollars, and he told us all the secrets of roguery, and the town and place in Canada where any quantity of such money could be obtained. He gave us a long and minute

lesson on this subject, and after about three days left us.

Now we were getting to be masters in the business, for our banker had told us all. I took the oversight of the farm, but was away much of the time. I bought watehes, joekied horses, purchased droves of sheep, and any thing else, and paid in counterfeit money. In the fall season we went to company and general trainings, and all other gatherings of the people. We traded any where and with any persons. It was sometimes whispered that it was strange that we had so much money; but as we were high fellows, we boasted of making money by gambling in New-York, and they believed us.

After getting off all our money, in two or three months it began to be noised about that the notes of the Albany and Philadelphia banks were eounterfeit-ed. We now had not one of them on hand, and pass-ed about our business, having good money to deal out in our business transaactions. Besides this, Burroughs' bills were not a good imitation, and the people began to examine their bank notes.

I took my horse and went to Canada, to a place called the Slab City, to the firm of Crane & Staples, superior copperplate engravers. They engraved the notes of several different Banks that were presented to them. In little more than a week they produced me notes on Barker's Exehange Bank, some on New Jersey banks, and some genuine ones on the Com-mereial Bank of Philadelphia, as also upon some others that I have forgotten. We chose those Banks

that had the most extensive circulation, and the imitations were so perfect that these very Banks would take them at their counters and pay out the specie for them. Our business continued brisk, and we were rather suspected at times ; but our frankness, apparent honesty and candor disarmed every doubt. When our stock was exhausted, some one of us went to Canada for another supply. We paid for our notes about 10 dollars for one hundred, and they received pay in watches, gold rings, and old jewelry, and the balance in cash.

CHAPTER V.

After operating near home for a year or two, became fearful of danger, and started for New-Jersey, Philadelphia, &c.—Stopped at Philadelphia with a low tavern keeper, named Smith—He became urgent for a lot of counterfeits—Came to the North for them—On returning to Philadelphia with \$1800, found great excitement in regard to bad money—Large reward offered for detection of counterfeiters—Smith proved treacherous, and to make sure of the reward, had officers ready to arrest me—Made the blow intended for me fall on his own pate—Suspected Smith from his hasty greeting and exit—Silily put the bad money in his desk—Being found in his possession, the Court sentenced him to the Penitentiary—Having been found an honest man, and set at liberty, I proceeded to Baltimore—Reflections on traitors, &c.

I followed these pursuits nearly two years in my native state, and the counties adjoining in New York. I now thought I had done enough near home for my own safety ; so I went to Philadelphia, taking about a thousand dollars counterfeit money, and it circulated finely. I boarded at a tavern kept by a man of the name of Smith, a person of doubtful reputation, I called my name Smith. I staid there several days and this landlord kept urging me to go into the coun.

counterfeiting business. He told me that he would go shares with me, and that we could get rich very rapidly. After several days of importunity, and after he had taken a solemn oath to be faithful and true, even unto death, I consented to get some for him.

I went home where the vaults of my banks were kept, and got 1,800 dollars, and returned to Smith's at Philadelphia. I had already put off in that city a large amount of counterfeit bills, and the corporation had offered 300 dollars to any one who should be instrumental in convicting a counterfeiter. It was evening when I arrived in the city, and I deposited a few hundred dollars in a safe place back of the barn. I went into the house, and friend and namesake Smith was rejoiced to see me. He led me into his parlor, like a gentleman, and soon passed out and shut the door. I began to be suspicious of him notwithstanding his oath of secrecy. My thoughts were upon a telegraphic chase, and I arose and sprang across the room, opened his desk that stood there unlocked, took my counterfeit money and crammed it into the back side of a drawer, and shut up the desk, returned to my seat by the candle, took up a book and went to reading; at any rate I appeared to be reading, whilst in a hard state of thinking.

Smith soon entered the room and two men with him. One of them tapped me on the shoulder and said I was his prisoner. I asked him what I had done. He said that Mr. Smith told him I was a dealer in counterfeit money. My heart was under more pressure than the valve of a boiler attached to a racing

Steam Boat. It seemed as if my chest would break open; but I concealed my feelings, and calmly and forcibly denied the whole, and told them to search me. Smith stood near by in silent exultation. They searched my pockets, and the folds of my garments, but found no bad money. I had gold, silver and paper money in my pocket-book, but it was good and genuine. Smith now stood amazed, for they were now satisfied of my innocence.

I had read in the Book of Esther of the hanging of Haman on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai, and I became at once comforted and tranquilized with the thought of turning to good account the hasty deposit of the bad money in Smith's desk. Now came my turn, and with a bold and honest face I told these officers that a few weeks ago I was in the city transacting a commission agency, and that I saw his name on the sign board, and I stopped there because he was a namesake, and that I made his house my home for ten days, until my engagements were fulfilled. I stated that whilst there, friend Smith was daily urging me to get counterfeit money for him, and that he would go halves with me in the profits; but I obstinately refused, for I had plenty of money, and rather than defraud the people, I would die by starvation in the streets. Smith said he could get off 7 or 800 dollars in a month, but he did not know where to get it, for all he could get was gone some time ago.

I then said that this damned rascal had got me arrested to screen himself, for you must be convinced by searching that I am not the rogue. Do I look like

one? I am bold to assert my innocence, and demand that this rascal's house be searched. I came here peaceably, and wanted entertainment; and you see, gentlemen, how I am misused. I demand again, that this rascal's house be searched. They did not long hesitate, and commenced operations in the room, and soon opened the desk, and on closely scrutinizing the drawers, found more than \$ 1,200 of counterfeit money tucked away carefully and covered up.

How did the traitor feel when he was detected? The officers now arrested him, and took us both away, and put keepers over us, to watch us through the night. I had caught him nicely, and he knew it; for he had forfeited his oath to me. The panic which now prevailed in regard to counterfeit money, and the reward offered for the detection of counterfeiters, had probably induced him suddenly to change ground, and make the most he could for the present, by obtaining the reward offered for the detection of greater rogues than himself. The public knew him to be dishonest, and the scheme he attempted to put in execution against me, looked verily like a villainous contrivance to shield himself from suspicion. I never saw a creature more perfectly maddened; and during the night he roared like a "wild bull in a net."

The Court was in session, and we were both taken as prisoners to the bar. I pleaded not guilty, with an air of convincing honesty; and no evidence appeared against me, for I so conducted myself before the Court and Jury, that they not only thought me innocent and of good reputation, but also that Smith had conspired

against me, that thereby he might escape not only from punishment, but even from suspicion.

Smith had lied to me, and he knew it. He had endeavored to get me punished, so that he might get the 300 dollars reward. Now the scales were turned, and I was ready to pay him off with lies, and I did it effectually.

He was now before the court, and pleaded "not guilty." O, could you have seen the infuriated wretch in the prisoner's box, with a Court House full of spectators gazing at him, and he swearing and raving like a fiend in the bottomless pit, it would have shamed the results of treachery and dishonesty. His counsel were disarmed, and could do nothing. The jury, without leaving their seats, brought in a verdict of "guilty." The Judge rose, and after recapitulating the falsehoods of the prisoner, the unseemly conduct he had manifested before the Court, and the hardened iniquity in which he had been caught, sentenced him to State's Prison for seven years. He was then remanded to jail.

I left the Court House, and without delay shaped my course for Baltimore. It has been said that there is honesty among thieves; but a traitor is a villain in any latitude and under all circumstances. Sooner or later, justice is dealt out to him with an unsparing hand. They who were his friends, look upon him as they would upon a poisonous reptile, and he is shunned by them. They look upon him with a mixture of scorn and contempt, and rightly class him in a grade below robbers and murderers. Who was

Benedict Arnold? Who was Georgey, for a time the professed friend and coadjutor of Kossuth in the struggle for Hungarian freedom? Traitors, is the answer from every honorable man. When the sum of human wickedness is amassed in imponderable weight, who will be found on the lowest seat, as having accumulated the most blackened infamy, for which in the codes of hell, even Deity, as yet, has devised no adequate punishment? Is there pardon for such, even in minds of the most forgiving? Never.

The love of gold will prompt men to engage in the darkest deeds of wickedness—and even for these atrocious acts excuses will arise in the demon's mind, inducing an attempt at justification. If a man rob and murder, he has an object in view, that asks for lenity from a remorseless world; but when a man, to inveigle another into his toils, and to entrap a confiding fellow being to his utter ruin and overthrow, sells himself, to be a traitor, he barter away all self-respect, the confidence of community, the esteem of his friends and associates, and plucks from the devil the vilest stains which can be made to pollute, darken and sink him deepest in the fathomless pools of deserved woe. There may be some obscure rays of comfort, indistinctly gleaming in the mind of the most heartless villain.

There may arise some clouded views of better days and tranquil seasons, in the thoughts of those also who are about to consummate the most unpardonable of crimes: but to a traitor, the sun never shines in warmth sufficient to thaw his ice-bound heart. His

sky is ever clouded ; his sleep is disturbed by guilty emotions. All this world's loathsome and withering scorn is heaped upon him, and he knows that he deserves it. No man pities him. No man thinks him a friend. No man asks his counsel. No man wishes him to live and breathe in God's pure air. Let him die ; though clōds cover him, he is still alive in the annals of cursed existence.

CHAPTER VI.

At Baltimore found a smart, shrewd girl, to act as assistant bill changer—Myself finally arrested, and sent to jail—One night let out a long thread from the prison window, and drew up powder procured by the girl—Blew out an opening and escaped—Soon after, at Edenton, N. C., agreed with a free negro in an eastern vessel, to be sold as a slave, and then run away and meet me—Sold him three times, and divided the money twice—Sambo didn't get round for his third dividend—Being now in funds, returned to N. York—Found there a girl well qualified for a counterfeiting tour—Bought a horse and carriage, got a new stock of counterfeit bills, and traveled with the girl to Boston, Portsmouth, Portland, &c., and returned to New-York, after having done a profitable business.

I wended my way to Baltimore, and looked about the town—entered its dens, and conversed with myself upon my business prospects. My Philadelphia money had got there before me, but I was resolved to engage in negotiations. Fortunately, I found a female of twenty years, thoroughly versed in the rogues lexicography. After becoming well acquainted, we agreed to look to each other's welfare, whether in successful business or in reverses of fortune. I found her faithful and true—a legitimate child of the devil, in the midst of a crooked and perverse genera-

tion. She had the stoical fixedness of a statue when circumstances required it. She was humble, modest, her eyes filled with tears of sympathy, affectionate words, and tones of voice like a purified saint, when it seemed necessary to carry out her purposes. One day she would be a wild swaggering boy, in a boy's costume; perhaps in an hour the delicate lady, clad in silks and adorned with jewels, brilliants and diamonds. She was every way fitted as a partner, having all the qualifications essential to a perfect rogue.

The reader will think that we were well matched, and we, the parties, thought so too. In case of accident or arrest, we swore to look to each other's interest with the same intensity as if fortune had smiled upon us. Neither of us kept more than one counterfeit bill in our pockets at the same time; and for ten days we transacted a good business. In an evil hour I was arrested, tried and sent to jail. In the court room she was near me veiled, and in the greatest sorrow for me, her pretended husband. I had a short interview with her after my trial, and I told her how to manage, and I would be free. She left me in showers of tears.

I was taken to the jail, and confined in an upper room. The building was of stone, well grated and calculated for rogues, and when a man was put in it, the jailor knew it would hold the prisoner, and had no anxiety respecting the escape of its occupant. The second night I heard a slight scratch upon the walls in rear of the prison. I had borrowed a needle and a

skein of thread of the jailor's wife to mend my clothes. I let this thread out of the grate, with a button on it to carry it to the ground. I soon after drew it up, and found a case knife attached; and the operation was repeated until sufficient tools were procured. I now sent down a paper with this note: "To morrow night a gill of powder."

The court would not sit for nearly a month, and I had time enough to look over the crevices of the wall by daylight, and when I thought it safe. In three nights I had picked out the mortar sufficient for my purpose, and charged the wall with powder. The next night was dark and stormy, and about 1 o'clock my train was ready. I lighted some tinder with a bit of flint and old file, struck up a blaze, set my train on fire, and retreated to the back side of the room. In a half minute the powder ignited, and nearly ten feet of the prison wall fell to the ground, and I passed out in the dark. A crowd soon assembled; I was in the midst of them, in citizen's dress, and in the hubbub and consternation, took a favorable opportunity, went towards a hotel, but entered a back lane, and left the town without exchanging a farewell with any one.

Morning came, and I was 20 miles from Baltimore, on my way to North Carolina. In those days there was but little intercourse between the inhabitants of towns ten miles apart, and this part of the country was chiefly covered with dense forests. Villages had started up along the navigable rivers, and these villagers knew little about the country. I journeyed on to Edenton, in North Carolina, and there stopped at a

rude tavern. I did but little business in counterfeiting, for I had contrived a more profitable employment, but attended with more peril. A schooner lay in the harbor from Boston, partly manned by mulattoes. One of them looked smart for business, and at his intervals of leisure, I contrived that he should leave the vessel, go out into the country, and I would sell him there; then he should run away and meet me again, and we would divide the profits. The next day I bought me a horse, saddle and bridle, and left town and rode into the woods, two miles out, and watched for the negro. We went on several miles and approached a village, when the negro became my waiter, put out my horse, called me massa, just like a slave. I inquired of my landlord the way to Virginia, drank with him, and he gave me his best. After I had contrived with Pomp where to meet me on the way to Georgia, and had got my plan perfected and understood, I told the landlord that my negro was a first-rate coachman and horse doctor, and as I was compelled to go to Virginia and Washington, I found my body servant useless, and I would sell him for \$800, though his real value was \$200 more. We bargained; I sold Pomp and took the money. Next morning I mounted my horse, told Pomp to be a good boy. "Yes, msssa," he said, and I took the road towards Virginia a few miles, then branched off towards Georgia, to be at the place appointed to meet Pomp. The first night after his sale, he ran away and met me as agreed, and we divided the money. If Pomp's master went in chase after me and Pomp, I knew I had

got him on the wrong track, and he might go as far north as he pleased. We were on the way towards Augusta, Georgia.

When morning came, Pomp and I went on our way, and about noon, I sold him for seven hundred dollars, ate dinner and went on my course. That night Pomp ran away and met me according to agreement and we divided the spoils. We journeyed on, and at night I sold him for nine hundred dollars; told him to be a good boy, and when morning dawned, pursued on my journey. I waited two days and nights for Pomp to meet me, but he did not come. He had money, and perhaps his new master found it out. He had also a free pass, and by searching, this might have been found, and the roguery be detected. I felt sorry that Pomp had got caught in a trap, but he and I had been engaged in perilous enterprises, and if one of us escaped I thought we should do well. I changed the course of my proposed journey and bent my steps to the northward. I passed above Washington, and after some days fetched up at Reading, Penn. Thence I came directly to New York City. During this route I had no counterfeit money, but my negro sales had furnished me with an abundance, and I enjoyed my ramble very much. I roamed about New York four or five days, to see what I could do, and how I could best carry out my purposes. I hit upon a scheme that would suit me in every particular. In my intercourse with the tenants of those dens of iniquity with which the city abounded, even in those days, I found one female well schooled in roguery. Her

personal appearance was enchanting, her manners genteel, and when just from the hands of the milliner and mantua-maker, no lady at the President's levees or at a Newport ball, could have eclipsed her charms. But she was ready to aid or be foremost in any deed of wickedness. I administered the oath of secrecy and fidelity to her, and she received it with sober calmness, and with unbending purpose. I saw that I could trust her, and she was confident that I should not swerve from the line of conduct marked out.

Next day I bought a horse and carriage, and took in my female accomplice, and rode on to Stamford, Conn. Here we tarried through the night, and the following day passed through the villages of the seaboard to Bridgeport, and stopped at Knapp's Hotel. After spending a day here, rather secluded, I went over to Wilton, and found our bank had been drawn on so much by Jo. Mills, John Gregory, and others, that I could get only about \$900. I directed Lyman Mills and another man to go to Crane & Staples, in Canada, and replenish our stock, while I was on my tour of pleasure. This was about the year 1808, if I rightly recollect.

I took my funds and drove back to Bridgeport, took in my partner, and stopped in New-Haven. We shopped a little during the evening, got rid of ten dollars, and had eight in change when we got back to the hotel. The ensuing morning we started on toward New-London, crossed the ferry at Saybrook, and paid our fare usually with counterfeit notes. We stopped on the way over night and arrived in Stonington the sec-

ond day from New-Haven, and with only necessary delays, pushed on to Boston. Upon our way we disposed of as much money as we could, and in the cities and villages in the evening we separated, went to different shops, bought trifling articles, and got our change in good money. We stopped at a first class hotel in Boston, and did business largely for a week or more. We were young and active, joined balls, cotillon parties, gambled some, but always settled our bills in counterfeit notes and pocketed the change. We looked well to our business, and followed it up with a zeal becoming a better cause. But while we were upon the route, we were determined it should pay us well, and as we had no moral character or conscientious scruples, the world went on swimmingly, and we made money fast. After spending a week or more in Boston, we took our horse and carriage and drove on to Portsmouth, in New-Hampshire, and staid three or four days, and entered into a brisk business that yielded large profits.

After closing our affairs here, we passed on to Portland, in Maine, and operated very successfully for the whole time we staid. The fall season was approaching, and it was a delightful time to travel. My pockets filled with money, and an agreeable and obliging partner, with smiling prospects before me, our trip was as pleasant as we could wish or ask for. In due time we returned to Boston, stopped at a hotel in a part of the town distant from our place of resting upon our outward journey. I had learnt better than to lodge at the same house at different times, or to asso-

ciate in neighborhoods that I had previously visited. A rogue must keep his eyes and ears open, and if he stays at a hotel, look about before trouble comes—to be in a situation to meet it. He will insist upon sleeping upon the lower floor, so that in case of fire or arrest, a window may give him a chance for escape. He must sleep with one eye open, and be able to move with the stillness and celerity of a cat. But our stay was limited, and we journeyed on to New-York city. I gave the girl \$100 in good money as a reward, and we parted. I sold my horse and carriage and loitered about the city a few days. But I never could be satisfied in keeping quiet. I was restless when doing nothing, and as the getting of money was a darling propensity, I started off again.

CHAPTER VII.

The South American States having revolted at this period, found privateers clandestinely fitting out at New-York and Philadelphia, against Spain—Went to Philadelphia and enlisted on board a patriot ship—Coasted south, to intercept Spanish vessels coming in or going out of our ports—Insulted the Lieutenant, and most fortunately slipped ashore near Savannah, and escaped a severe lashing—took passage to New-York, and was soon on the farm at home—Was advised to try the enterprise of matrimony, and hesitatingly complied—Soon old chums wanted me, as a master-spirit, to re-engage in counterfeiting—Told them I had married a wife, and therefore could not go—They finally forced me into the service—Reflections on a vicious life, &c.

I learned in New-York city that the South American States had revolted from the Spanish rule, and were at war with the mother country, and that privateers were fitted out at Philadelphia to capture the merchant ships of Spain upon the ocean. Some of these ships were laden with cargoes of great value, and carried vast sums of gold and silver from the nabobs of these revolted colonies to be deposited or invested in old Spain. To be engaged in such business I knew was no better than piracy, but in the state of mind I then was, any thing that promised a large re-

ward, no matter what the dangers and privations were, I was ready to engage in. So I went to Philadelphia and enlisted on board of a patriot ship that was about ready for sea. I knew all about the business, and the cruelties and iniquities attendant upon it, yet I had no fears or misgivings respecting it. I knew that there was food to stimulate me in the prosecution of such enterprises, and they promised a rich return for my confinement upon the deck of a ship. It was no difficult matter for me to leave my pursuits and engage in those of privateering. Before I left New-York I got rid of my last counterfeit money, and Charles Moon took it at a good price. He lived in George street and kept a hard place. I knew no man in the city who was a greater rascal, so I let him have the last \$200 to use as he thought fit.

I went on board, and we sailed down the Delaware river to the ocean. There was a Spanish ship in Baltimore harbor richly laden and ready for sea. Our craft approached the coast, and we sailed to and fro for a week upon the look out for this ship, that we might capture her and divide the prize money. But she still clung to her anchorage, and our clipper bottom, from her long previous cruises, had become incrustated with barnacles and other foul stuff, that impeded her sailing properties. Our captain determined to run her into the harbor of Savannah, and clean her bottom. I was now engaged in carrying out the brine from the empty pork barrels, and being on deck, the lieutenant ordered me to go forward and unloose the jib, and at the same moment struck me over the head

with a rattan. Quick as thought I dashed a pail full of brine into his face and eyes, and he went below to change his clothes and then report me. In a moment after, the captain, knowing nothing of my conduct to the lieutenant, came out of his cabin and ordered the men that rowed his gig to jump aboard and carry him to the shore. I knew my doom if I ever returned to the ship; five-hundred lashes would have been only a beginning. On our way to the shore I pretended to be seized with the colic, and groaned aloud, wrung and twisted myself as if I was enduring the hardest pain that ever attacked a mortal being. I cried aloud, lay down in the boat, tumbled, doubled myself into a heap, and gave the strongest evidences of intense and awful pain and distress.

The second lieutenant always went in the captain's gig with pistols in his hands to keep the boat's crew from deserting. When the boat struck the beach, the captain stepped out and went his way. The boat and crew were to wait two hours for his return, and my pretended pain and violent bodily contortions continued. Along by the shore a quantity of lumber lay piled up, and I begged of the lieutenant to permit me to go ashore, behind those boards, for a few minutes. He, out of sympathy for my sufferings, consented, and in great pretended agony, I passed back of the lumber out of his sight. I crept along over the beach, then ran with all my might into a marshy, bushy swamp, about fifteen rods in the rear, and then I went through the bushes like a scared buck. In ten minutes I heard an uproar at the boat because of my absence, but I

ran like a fox into a great swamp, where it was not possible for fifty men to find me. The cane brakes were twelve feet high, and I passed through them with the speed of a race horse; in an hour I had got to Savannah, and went directly through it into the country, on my way to Charleston, S. C.

I suppose I was not forgotten by my shipmates for some time, and if my brine-washed lieutenant is still in the land of the living, my pail full of filth must be recollected by him in perfect disgust.

Here I almost miraculously escaped one of the most infernal floggings that have ever been the doom of perverse sailors.

For several days I continued upon my route for Charleston, and I am certain that this journey was performed quietly, steadily, undelayed by no frolic or adventure of any kind. I now took passage on board a merchant vessel for New-York city. We had a stormy time, but in eight days, at evening, spied Sandy Hook Light, and came through the Narrows up to the city. Here I staid four days, and then came up to Norwalk with Capt. Pearsall, a packet master. I went home and made up my mind to be steady and industrious, and went to work upon the farm.

A cousin of mine had just got married, and he and his wife over-persuaded me and her sister to get married. I was rather reluctant, and so was she, but they talked us into it. So we were married and enjoyed life as well as others, until I was beset by my old associates to go into the counterfeiting business again. At first I refused. I told them that now I had a wife, and

was desirous of settling upon my farm and abandoning roguery forever. But here I was, with a gang of a dozen men, all active, spirited, and former friends, yet I denied them most resolutely.

I had for three years kept bad money in my house, and there were several rolls of it then, and these young men knew it, and every night I was urged to recommence my old business. After about three months these men again instilled the spirit of the evil one into me so much that I left my wife and launched my bark again upon the career of life, filled with shoals and quicksands, to withstand the storms and tempests which are sure to overtake even the cautious.

I was the chief of the gang—the planner of operations, and more thoroughly versed in the tactics of roguery than any of them. Hence they looked to me as a guide; but I was not elated by this distinction. I was bold, fearless, and daring, yet cautious, circumspect and wary, and so constituted by nature, as from any unexpected emergency I instinctively, without premeditation, was sure to adopt the best plan, and execute my purposes in such a way as experience proved to be the best. I was gifted with unusual powers of self-possession. I was never disconcerted, but calm and deliberate or wild and turbulent, as occasion seemed to require.

The reader may think me egotistical, but he greatly errs in my attributing to myself acts, statements, and assertions, not susceptible, even at the present hour, of the most convincing evidence. These declarations

are true, and if I make them, they are no less certain. I publish this detail of the wretchedness and iniquity of my earlier days, to show to mankind and the world the hopelessness of a life of crime, and to dispel the fatal delusion that pervades the life of the dishonest man. No truth is clearer than the fact, that no continued rogue finally escapes condign punishment. He cannot, with the genius of an angel of light, successfully prosecute a continuation of criminal acts. Nothing but honesty of intention and a correct upright practice will endure the test of time. Men are not fools—their eyes are as piercing and their minds are as inquisitive as at any former age. A rogue, though his machinations are secret, feels as if the world suspected him, and the mildness of his demeanor, the cautiousness of his movements, and the actions of the people constantly upbraid him. His sober reason teaches him that he is in the wrong, and without any new revelation from heaven he is assured that he cannot ultimately prosper. Well said the inspired penman, “The wages of sin is death !”

CHAPTER VIII.

Prosecuting the favorite business with a gang of old friends—Put off large sums at military musters—Had a mare which would perform great fetes at kicking—Defeated the whole military guard at a regimental review in Bridgeport—Kicked in the side of a school house in New Milford—Kicked down the picket fence of a store keeper who refused to sell liquor, until he came out with plenty of the creature—Expected to be arrested for kicking fetes at New Milford—Went to work on the farm for a few days—In a short time started off again with Jo. Mills, taking a lot of bills on good banks altered from small to larger denominations—Found the public on the alert—Rewards offered for detection of counterfeiters—Our business hazardous—Returned, and advised the gang to suspend operations for a month.

But to pursue the subject. Our gang numbered about six persons, and each pursued the general plan. We rode about the country, bought watchcs, jockeyed horses, bought sheep, and other stock, paying for them chiefly in counterfeit money. My bank was strong and for years it failed not. When we were rapidly lessening our stock, one of the firm went to Canada and returned with a supply. When the fall season arrived we were at every military muster. This fall Joseph Mills, Lyman Mills, John Gregory and myself,

went to general training at Wilton, and we passed \$100. The next two days we attended a general muster at Fairfield, when we got rid of \$250. The following day we went to Bridgeport and passed over a hundred dollars.

I always loved fun. I was great on a frolic, and could turn every manœuvre into a laughable spree. In Bridgeport I rode upon the parade, within the limits governed by the sentinels, and they could not drive me away. Dunning Terrell, sergeant of the guard, assembled a company of twenty soldiers and surrounded me with bayonets fixed, commanding me to sit still upon my horse. I had a beast of rare qualities, fleet, ætively, and vicious, and woe be to the man that approached too near her heels. This company had hemmed me in completely, but I touched her flank with my spur, and she kicked and wheeled in a circle; the ranks were broken, the soldiers ran for safety, and I was master of the field, and I halloed loudly, "See sore-shinned Dun. Terrell and his soldiers scamper;" and the spectators shouted in voices of thunder, and the reverberating echoes were heard a mile from the parade ground. I now left the field in peace.

Mr. Knapp, hotel keeper in Bridgeport, had a stand for the sale of liquors upon the parade ground, and in buying drinks, cakes, nuts, &c., we passed off upon his clerk in the course of the day ten of our counterfeit ten dollar notes, and got the change in good money, over ninety dollars. I was in the piazza at his hotel, and his clerk brought up the notes, and gave them to Mr. Knapp, asking for a bag of change. Knapp look-

ed at the bills and told him they were counterfeit, and that somebody had cheated him "most eursedly." I left the piazza and went away, having no desire to mingle in the altercation.

My safety perhaps consisted in my absence, and I went over to Fairfield and staid at the tavern there during the night. The next morning before breakfast I won thirty dollars on a wheel of fortune, out of some gamblers, and thought I had done a good morning's business. Four of us then started, and when night approached we were at home, having done a great business during the week.

At evening I went up to Isaac Sturges' store and got a gallon of rum for Sunday; gave him a ten dollar bill and he gave me baek nine dollars in change. Sunday we drank bitters and planned for the week. We went to Newtown on Monday, and attended the training next day, and left some notes among the people. Just at night I rode up to New-Milford and staid with a cousin that resided there. About ten o'clock I bid him good morning, rode on a couple of miles and drove up to a school-house, and inquired of the school-mistress the road to Newtown. She directed me rightly. I turned my mare a little, touched her upon the flank, and she kied against the house until she stove in the elapboards and walls, and the children rattled out of the house like bees from a disturbed bee-hive. A storekeeper near by, ran out and inquired, "What the devil are you about?" I told him that my mare was restive and uneasy, and sometimes had spells of kieding and I could not help it. I asked him what was

the damage? He said a dollar, and I gave him two, and went on my way.

I rode on through Pug-Lane, and saw a man sitting on the stone fence, on a side hill, with a bundle lying upon the ground. I rode up to him and inquired the way to New-Preston? He said, "damn you, none of your business." I turned my mare a little, touched her in the flank, her heels flew against the fence, kicked it down, and he and the fence rolled down the hill together, and I roared out in laughter and said, "see what you get in not treating me civilly." I reached down, picked up his bundle and rode on half a mile on the wrong road. The stealing of the bundle got on faster than I did, though I returned the bundle to the man and gave him fifty cents to settle it. As I passed up the road a half mile, the men and women above and below were turned out to catch me. One of them took my horse by the bridle, and accused me with stealing the man's bundle; and I told him that I took it in a frolic, and had carried it back to him and settled with him. He supposed that I lied. I told him to let go of my bridle, but he refused, I lifted my leaded whip, and struck his hand, and he let go his hold. I turned my mare, touched her flank, and she kicked over one man, struck another in the side and rolled him down the hill, and I returned towards New-Milford. I stopped before Hitchcock's tavern, and he wanted to see my mare kick. I turned her her heels towards the stoop, and she kicked it into tooth picks before he could say stop. I returned by Pug-Lane school-house, rode up to the store and asked for some-

thing to drink. "You shall not have any," was the reply. I reined my mare up to the picket fence that surrounded his house, and told him if you do not give me something to drink I will kick down your picket fence. "You shall have nothing," he said. I touched my mare; her heels flew against the pickets, and when I had torn down nearly a rod, he came out with a decanter and glass, and said, "Drink, damn you, and be off, you have have raised the devil all around." I took a tumbler of rum and drank it, then galloped out of the town.

The next day I rode home to Wilton. My work on the farm was neglected, and I went to work cutting corn stalks, expecting every hour to hear of my New Milford capers. But all was quiet, and I concluded that as I had left them and gone off that they would let me be, for if I had been tried the sheriff would have taken me to New-Milford for trial. Now they were clear of me, and perhaps they deemed it a wise plan to keep me away, and so the whole matter rested.

I tarried at home a few days, but my rambling propensities drove me away into speculation again. Joseph Mills and I mounted our horses to take a jaunt, and if not to levy black mail, yet to pass our counterfeit notes. We had a good many altered ones. We took the one dollar bills for this purpose. We took out the circle containing the figure 1, enlarged it, and inserted a 100 in its place, and after making other needed alterations, they were passed as genuine; the signatures and filling up had already been done at their respective banks. No man doubted them. The

bank officers acknowledged their genuineness. In process of time the trick was discovered. The banking institutions in Rhode Island and Massachusetts now got up a new plate to obviate this mode of deception, and their future emissions contained the value of the Note by having it printed over the whole face of the bills. If it was a five-dollar Note, "five dollars, five dollars, five dollars," &c. covered the whole surface. So far as these banks were concerned, there was an end to these alterations. We first went to Norwalk, and while conversing with a store-keeper at his store door, a negro came along and insulted me. A few days before I had had my harness cut by this fellow, and did me some damage, and now his insolence gave me an opportunity for revenge. I turned my horses' heels towards him, touched her in the flank, and she kicked him in the breast and drove him through the store, like a cannon shot. I called out to him with an oath, "This is the way I serve saucy niggers." We now rode on to New Canaan, got rid of our money, and had frolic and fun, jollifications and carousals, with any lot of jockeys that we met in the village. At evening we rode on to Bedford.

We tarried a few days, operating where we could, and at the close of the week returned. When I was on the farm, I worked most perseveringly, early and late, but these seasons of industry were short. My work was the most productive source of income. But I had again resolved to quit the business, full well knowing that a day of retribution was in the future. For this purpose I removed my family to Bridgewa-

ter, to get away from my associates, and this gang of counterfeiters. This removal did not avail me, for rogues will find each other, if they are separated by oceans and continents. Our company were unwilling to relinquish the business, and we had "several conferences and anxious meetings" upon the subject.— I strongly inculcated the necessity of abandonment, while we were all safe, "free men." I argued the fact, that if we pursued these callings, every thing was against us. The country was flooded with counterfeit notes and coin, and in every locality we were suspected and watched. Rewards had been offered for the detection of counterfeiters, and the officers of justice and the whole community were awake upon the subject. If we did not abandon the business forever, I claimed that we should as boatmen say, "lie upon our oars," for a year at least, until the public excitement against us should die away. I demanded that a truce should be had, at any rate, and time given us for a more matured system of operations, for the loose way in which we had imposed upon the people could be persisted in no longer. I insisted that a time for reflection was all important, and that we adjourn for one month.

CHAPTER IX.

Jo. Mills soon came and urged us to go ahead—My honest and good wife wished me to drive Smith away, but urged in vain—We started for Litchfield County—Reached Washington, and passed off a little money—Came near being detected by a tavern keeper—Pretended to be going to Hartford, but returned home rapidly—Next week started out again—Passed a \$10 bill at N. Warner's tavern, in Southbury—At next tavern, after some anxiety for change of a \$10 bill, a lovely daughter gave it from her private purse—Visited Zoar Bridge, Mouroe Centre, S. Post's tavern in Ripton, and Tomlinson's fishing station, passing bills at every stopping place, reaching Stratford Point for a lodging, and lucky riddance of a \$10 bill—Next day came to Knapp's tavern, got off \$20 on the Bridgeporters—Proceeded to Fairfield, exchanged a \$10 bill with landlord Beers, the jailer, and on our way thence to Jo Mills', got off many bills—Stopped at Mills' over Sabbath, called our congregation together, took bitters, and exhorted one another on the duties of the week.

A few days subsequent to our deliberations, Jo. Mills came from Wilton to Bridgewater, more anxious and zealous than ever. My wife urged me to dismiss him, and drive him away. She knew our pursuits, but never asked me a question; and I never told her one word. She could, unlike most women

keep her own secrets. She was devotedly attached to me, and I always treated her with the utmost kindness. The truth was we ought not to have been married; she was too good for me; I did not deserve any wife, and certainly I had one of the best women that was ever created. She never complained; she was cheerful, possessing a fund of good sense and mirthfulness. Her industry was unrivaled, and her judgment upon any subject was correct. She appreciated me at all times and under all circumstances. If troubles threatened, her clear, good sense and consummate skill in management, oftentimes enabled me to ward off the attacks that were made upon me. Her estimable qualities were beyond computation, and if she ever influenced me, it was done with a heart overflowing with kindness. She hoped, as maturer years passed over me, that they would effect a change in my course of life; and if a wild and reckless youth could have been reformed by human agency, that work would have been effected in my case. But, no! I was inflexibly perverse, and resorted to any scheme that in my own eyes seemed best fitted for my purposes. Counsel was lost upon me, and the entreaties of friends made no impression on my heart. I had my own way, whenever I had determined to go forward.

Jo. Mills and myself rode into Kent, and staid during the night. Jo. was a great coward—and why I associated myself with such a man in my nefarious business I never knew. I often heated him for his cowardice and irresolution. My doctrine was, when

I take a business tour, it shall be done. I am not squeamish, but bold, fearing no evil.

I paid the charges in the morning with a five dollar bill, and then we crossed into Washington and the towns above, where we rambled two days. Towards night of the second day, we called at a tavern, baited our horses, and fed ourselves with the best the house afforded. I offered a bill for pay, but the landlord hesitated, saying he did not know but it was good—when I turned round and got the change of Mills and paid him. It was now evening, and the bar-room was filled with customers. I saw some whispering and looking at us, and a good deal of moving about in the house and out of doors, and the place seemed not the right spot for us. The landlord asked me to show him the \$10 dollar bill I first offered to him; but I told him our horses had finished their feed, and we must be on our way to Hartford, and I should not show money to oblige him. We mounted our horses and went off on the Hartford road. Before getting a mile two men passed us on a gallop. I supposed that they were an advanced guard, sent out to watch our movements, and at the first cross road we left the turnpike and rode down to Roxbury, leaving our sentinels to guard as long as they pleased. We stopped at Peter C. Oakley's store, and drank with him, and rode home—the distance only five miles.

I staid with my wife over Sunday, and we got ready for the week. Early Monday morning we rode to Noadiah Warner's tavern, at Bennett's

Bridge, and took breakfast. I paid him a \$20 bill; he gave us the change, and we went on. We soon stopped at a blacksmith's shop, and I had a new shoe set for one lost from my horse; gave a \$5 note in payment, and received back the change. We continued on down the Housatonic river—stopped at a public house, and took an excellent dinner. I handed a \$10 bill, which he could not change, but a bright, lovely daughter ran for her purse and counted out the change all in silver. I almost regretted the fraud on the girl, and have loathed myself a thousand times on account of it. They treated us so kindly I ought not to have cheated them so devilishly. As we started, the landlord came out, not certain that the bill was good, and asked my name. I replied, Wm. Smith.

We then went to Zoar Bridge—got drinks—handed out a \$5 bill, and pocketed the change. We went to New Stratford (now called Monroe Centre,) drank some spirits, and paid out a \$3 bill. Our next stopping place was at Sylvester Post's; in Ripton, where we baited and drank again, and handed the sleepy man \$5, and he handed us \$4 50 in good money. In the afternoon we went to Col. Tomlinson's, a fishing station on the river—took drinks, gave him \$3. Thence we rode down to Stratford Point—had our horses put in stable—called for supper—went to bed, and slept well; our room was well furnished with a bottle of brandy, sugar, and the essentials of comfort. In the morning, after paying our host a \$10 note, and receiving \$8 in genuine money as

change, we left for Bridgeport. Here we staid a couple of hours—traded a little—settled our bill at Knapp's Hotel, and fleeced the Bridgeporters out of two \$10 bills.

We now mounted our horses and rode to Fairfield; stopped at the County-House, kept by Major Samuel Beers, who was also keeper of the Jail, in another part of the building. We saw men peeping through the grates, probably not a quarter part as guilty as ourselves—and there we were, having our freedom, leeching the people out of their money, and cheating every man that would deal with us. We fed our horses and took dinner at Beers'. Mills begged me to show no bad money here. I said "I will take care of the business, and if we are caught we shall be at home, without carrying irons on our hands about the street." I paid Mr. Beers a five dollar counterfeit note. He looked me in the face and said, "Stuart, is this counterfeit?" I replied I don't know; you must be your own judge of money. He examined the bill carefully, and sportively remarked, "This is good enough; I wish I had a thousand as good."

We stopped at a tavern in Mill Plain; drank, fed our horses, and paid out a \$3 note. At the turnpike gate between Fairfield and Saugatuck, (now Westport,) I paid our toll with a \$5 note on my Bank. After passing the gate went up to Samuel Ogden's tavern, at Cross Highway, and tarried all night and let our landlord have a \$20 bill. In the morning we went to Saugatuck, crossed the bridge, stopped at a grog-shop, and drank. There I passed \$5 more.

Towards night rode up to Mills' house, and suspended business for the day:

We had quietly got to Mills' house, and feeling thirsty, I went to Isaacs Sturges' store, and gave him a \$10 bill. Sturges was friendly to me, and suspected nothing wrong, and I had no fears from him. In the morning I went over to Alvan Wyatt's; the butcher, and bought some beef, and gave him also a \$10 bill, and got good change. Mills' wife cooked the beef well, and we ate heartily, and washed down with good brandy. I left Mills at home, and took my horse and rode seven miles to Ridgefield, and bought sundry little notions—some watches, &c. Stopped at the taverns, and at evening returned to Mills' house, having passed off nearly one hundred dollars. This was a large day's work. Mills supplied a gallon of brandy for Sunday, for which he gave a five dollar note.

Other denominations hold their Sunday meetings in churches; but we held ours in Mills' chamber. At this time we had a full meeting, for most of the gang were present. Our exercises were not deemed of the religious order, yet our congregation was exceedingly attentive—hearing and understanding every word. Our interests were similar, and many of them needed lectures of cautiousness and prudence, even though I, in my intercourse with the world, displayed a boldness and audacity the very reverse. Our plans were devised with much circumspection.

CHAPTER X.

Proposed to John Gregory to take his stud to Bedford, N. Y. and hold a field horse-fight—Novelty of the exhibition drew thousands together, who took off lots of bad bills—Desperate encounter—After return home passed a \$20 bill to Sal. Williams—She gave it to a pedler, who offered it at Mat. Marvin's store—Marvin said it was a bad bill, and now he would trace it to me—Saw him and the pedler coming to Sal's house—Ran and told her how to manage—She stuck to a lie, saved me harmless, and gave Marvin his true character—Sometime after this Marvin used as a tool, one Reed, to detect me by artifice—Outwitted R. after he had me in his grasp—Reflections on treachery, &c.

The old Adam in us was not all exhausted. We were willing to let the stream of iniquity run onward yet longer, without any interposing barriers. John Gregory, one of our company, owned a stud horse, most ugly and vicious. He had at all times taken advantage of his master, and injured him exceedingly. I proposed to him that we should go to Bedford, and he should ride this handsome, but extremely evil beast. On the way I proposed to him that we should have a horse fight with a stud in that place. This new idea pleased him much. He had never seen a conflict of this sort, and if his horse got killed he did not much care. About two o'clock in the afternoon

we arrived there, and stumped the owner of a stud for a horse fight.

There is, every afternoon, a gang of rowdies, joekies, pedlers and idlers, congregated at these dens of iniquity. Of course any proposition bordering on brutality, was joyfully entertained, as a means of sport fitted for the most hardened. The announcement of a horse fight was something new under the sun to the rabble, and there was now no way to avoid their demands. Van Hobson turned his steed into a well fenced field, and he capered, kicked, jumped, plunged, and ran as far as his limits would admit. Bets were made and brandy drank. Gregory led in his horse, took off the bridle, and away went the beast. Soon the studs met, reared, struggled, and gave each other a dreadful bite. Their tempers kindled up in a moment, and men never before saw such a conflict. They reared on their hind feet, leaped and sprang together, each biting the other, and thus ne-folded in each others legs, they both fell to the ground. With the agility of cats they each rose to his feet, raised, plunged and struck at his foe, grappling with a strong hold, biting and tearing each other. The spectators shouted long and loud, and the combatants, heedless of the surrounding multitude, kept up their terrific battle. Sometimes victory dawned upon one, then on the other, and the result of the contest was doubtful, though they fought worthy of a better cause.

The assembled multitude was boisterous, and large bets were made upon the result. Thus the conflict lasted more than an hour, when Gregory's horse

caught the breath pipe of the other in his teeth, partially strangling his antagonist. They both fell to the ground, but Gregory's horse still continued his fatal hold upon his enemy's neck, both struggling, kicking and tearing up the ground. Here the by-standers interfered, and by throwing there lassoes with much skill, parted them. The Bedford horse was nearly strangled, and could have lived only a short time longer. Now each was led away and secured. The horse battle was over, but no man has probably ever seen such wounds as they inflicted on each other.

Our chief business was the passing of our money. Any incidents that threw men off their accustomed watchfulness, aided us in carrying out our intentions of imposition upon the community. In such sprees the landlords took deep interest, and drank with their customers. It increased their calls to dispense liquors to others. A tavern keeper, half drunk, was a choice victim. His head was muddy—his tongue incoherent—his step unsteady, and his vision indistinct. Such men in such pursuits are frequently fleeced by rogues, and this horse fight was one of the best plans that I had even devised to create excitement, throw off suspicion, dissipate evil surmising, and open a wide door for our successful enterprises. I improved it in any way I could, and when the landlord became sober, and examined his funds, he might ascertain to his regret that this battle of steeds contributed largely to compel him to relinquish a business for which his habits of life utterly disqualified him. Among the quiet and sober population,

who will "look before they leap," such employments would have been ever unproductive; but in a rum loving community, villainy finds a sure and acceptable foothold. It finds aliment to sustain a system of rowdyism. Here the rogue finds willing victims. Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, says the proverb.

After the transactions of this eventful day, John Gregory and myself went to Daniel Davis' and slept. Next morning took breakfast with Jo. Mills. Passed \$8 dollars on to Davis. Our general business was pursued or neglected, as caprice or whim urged us onward or kept us back. The section of country where we spent most of our time became well known, and was the topic of remark abroad. We had so managed that the people were really fearful that some curse might fall upon them, and involve the innocent and the guilty in indiscriminate ruin. I staid at Mills' place one half of the time, occasionally making excursions into the country with him or others. Now and then I went to Bridgewater and staid with my family a few weeks; but here I had daily applications to dispose of my bank funds. A part of our stock was deposited here, and part of it at Mills' place, in Wilton; but Jo. had no authority to sell it in my absence. We took the advantage of every pedler, store keeper, and of every man we could in the region of country about Wilton. We were watched and suspected, and yet notwithstanding their vigilance, no man had hitherto detected us.

I let Sal. Williams have a \$20 note, and she paid it

to a pedler for his wares. This pedler in the course of the day after went to the store of Matthew Marvin, to pay money, and among other bills handed out this \$20 note. Marvin thought he had now got the best chance to seize us. He had already been cheated by me and others of the gang in a large amount, and his indignation against us had been roused. His shrewdness, however, did not avail him. I obtained the knowledge that he had got aunt Sal's money, and was fully aware that if she was charged with it, as she doubtless would be, trouble might ensue. In the afternoon I was cutting cornstalks upon a hill about fifty rods from her house. I spied Marvin and the pedler in the distance on the road that led to the old woman's place. I ran through the corn-field, dodged into the back door of her house, and told her who were coming. She asked "what shall I do?" Tell them, said I, that you was sweeping out the house, and found the \$20 bill on the floor. Now do it, will you, said I. "Yes, yes, I will, and stick to it." That's you, aunt; they cannot hurt you. She had confidence in me that the loss of twenty dollars would not fall upon her. I passed out at the back door, and was gone. Marvin and the pedler soon drove up to the house. I here report the interview as she afterwards gave it to me. They went into the house, and Marvin, in his coarse, harsh voice, said, "Ha! ha! old woman, I have got you now. Did you let this man have a \$20 bill?" showing the note. "Perhaps I did," said she. "Where did you get it? I know; you had it of Bill Stuart; now I'll have the rascal." She re-

plied, "I did not; I found it on the floor while sweeping." Marvin yelled out, "you infernal brute! you lie! you had it of Stuart." She said again, "I did not; I found it on the floor." "Strange, strange," said the old man; "you have money so plenty in this neighborhood that you find it on the floor! I know better; you had it of Stuart, I can swear you did!" "Well," said she, "you will swear to a lie then, and I always knew that you would do it to cheat a poor woman out of a shilling, you have done it a thousand times; you old skin-flint, you need not come here, you old dragon, to spit your venom on me; but as for this pedler, if he had this bill of me, I will take it back, and pay him in silver if he chooses. But you old blood sucker, don't tell me of roguery, for you have been a knave for fifty years. Go home, you old hypoerite, for the devil will have you before long." The old woman silenced Marvin, so that he was glad to be off as soon as she could exchange the money with the pedler.

Let a man insult a self-possessed, proud woman, if he dare. He will find that he has disturbed a hornet's nest, and that the invective stings of woman's tongue "out venoms all the worms of Nile," and will pierce him to his vitals. His insolence and impudence will be hurled back upon him, and the caldron of molten lava contained in a bad woman's heart will be poured out, and bury him in its scorching pools, never to rise until the final resurrection.

Marvin never forgot this interview, but his deadly spite against me was fearfully augmented, and he

laid another trap for me—cunning and artful. I did not much blame him. In the course of three years notwithstanding his cautiousness, I had got on to him through others more than one hundred dollars of counterfeit money. Still he could not trace to me a single note. He kept a grocery store, and our company frequently assembled there to drink, carouse and jockey horses. I would slip a counterfeit bill into the hands of some unsuspected member of the gang, when Marvin would pocket it and deal out the change. We would often call for drinks in rotation, and in rotation pay up his bills. When my turn came, I paid him in good money; he would inspect it with great care, see that I was honest, and then say so. In a few days he would find his old calf skin pocket book well charged with bad money. When Marvin discovered the cheat, he would curse Bill Stuart.

There are some men in every neighborhood that cannot be entrusted with any private matter; and shrewd rogues soon find them out. There is another set, faithless as Judas, that will lie, contrive and manage to entangle others in trouble, for prospective gain. These can be bribed to do the devil's most dirty work for a little money. They love money so well that they will cheat father and mother, if they can fill their pockets without labor. They will fawn around and swear fidelity, to accomplish the vilest purposes. After the most solemn oaths of faithfulness in matters entrusted to their keeping, they can be bought for less than thirty pieces of silver, to

abuse confidence and betray friends. Such men are generally found out by the public, and are despised and neglected.

Now and then some one in the community secretly engages a rascal of this sort to accomplish his purposes ; stipulates to pay him largely for his services, and to remove all doubts, shows him the funds appropriated to this object, and if need be, advances a portion of the proposed reward. Marvin, to secure me, resorted to one of these scavengers to aid him in an undertaking that he could not effect by other means. An acquaintance of mine named Tilley W. Reed, residing in New Milford, was a manufacturer of coarse Earthen Ware, and peddled it to country merchants and others. He received his supply of glazing from the establishment of A. Day, Esq. of Norwalk, and often passed through Wilton, on his way to Norwalk. He was a short sighted man, and in the opinion of Marvin well fitted to entrap me. He was offered three hundred dollars if he would detect me in uttering counterfeit notes. I was somewhat familiar with him and his business. In his journey's to and from the Norwalk Pottery, he often called on me, and I fed his horse and made him welcome to my table, and all our luxuries. He was frank, open, friendly, and pleased with my care for his comfort, tendered without fee or reward. He manifested much thankfulness for my kind attentions, and expressed deep interest in my welfare. But I was aware of the narrowness of his mind, his selfish characteristics, his total destitution of moral worth, and

was not easily flattered by him. He pretended to me that he wished to engage in the counterfeit business, believing he could with less labor make more money by it than by his trade. I told him I did not deal in and knew nothing respecting spurious money, and did not wish to defraud the public by such a dishonest calling. I called him a fool to desire to enlist in such a business, in which he would never be successful. I knew his craven spirit, and his inability to escape detection. I knew him to be a knavish simpleton, whose honesty would not pass current even among rogues, and I told him so. He received my honestly expressed opinion of his character and qualifications with all the humility of a whipt spaniel, and confessed to me his meanness, selfishness and servility. He gave evidence that he was of that contemptible class of knaves who will lie, cheat and defraud, for the ignoble comfort of gratifying an innate propensity existing only in the mind of the low, sneaking villain. To his further importunity I peremptorily replied that I did not deal in such property. He then departed. In a few weeks he came again and renewed his application with much earnestness, voluntarily taking oaths that he would keep the whole concern silent and still as the grave. I denied him, and disowned all knowledge of the business; that I never had and never would have any thing to do with it. I found afterwards that he was a faithful reporter to Mat. Marvin, but hitherto I had not suspected his dishonesty in that direction.

A further plot was concocted which threatened me

with exposure and ruin. Reed had a fine horse worth \$100, which I had seen and was pleased with. In his next excursion to Norwalk for glazing, he drove this horse, and called at Wilton, where I then was, and offered it to me for \$300 counterfeit money. I looked at the subject doubtingly. But Reed was anxious to trade with me, and with uplifted hands solemnly swore that his intentions were honest, and that the whole transaction should be kept involably secret. He declared further, that he would not under any contingency, let any one know where the money came from, even if he was broken upon the wheel, and that sooner than expose me or put my liberty in peril, he would be burnt at the stake with a closed mouth. These assertions, if true, were all that a rogue could ask for in an accomplice, and yet I denied him. I had known him for years, and my unfavorable opinion of him was unaltered. But after all, I argued with myself, can he be so sunken in rottenness of heart as to violate such obligations? Can he with whom I have lived on terms of amity for years, falsify his word, and turn a malicious heel against me? I had shown him much kindness; he had ate at my table, and lavishly experienced my friendship and hospitality, why should I distrust him?

I have seen rogues in whom I could place the most unlimited confidence, and I had associated with them in perfect freedom. I had laid out before them all my plans, exchanged tokens with them, and given them instructions in the secrets and manipulations of the cursed art. I had boldly made my way among

the people, but had hitherto met and exchanged civilities with only one God forgotten man. He reaped the reward of his doings, and was fitted for the lowest abode in the world of horrors. Now if Reed be such a man, I will circumvent him as sure as death does not prevent me. I was resolved to punish Reed summarily, if he became faithless, even if the hangman should stand in the gap with his heartless myrmidons to arrest me.

Four of us were together, and I took Reed aside and made the bargain for his horse, counted over the \$300 in his presenee, and he joined our company. He led out his horse and delivered him to me, and before my friends as evidences I gave him the money. We all started for Wilton, to have a spree. I watched Reed. He was disinclined to mingle at the festive board, and drank very little. I saw a change had passed over him since our trade, but our frolic was kept up till evening, when we returned. Reed staid with us during the night. In the morning he was desirous of leaving, but I persuaded him to stay one day more. I saw what was uppermost in his mind, took him aside and asked him what he intended to do with the money? He showed his knavish designs on me. I offered to give up the horse, and pay him ten silver dollars, if he would give up the counterfeit money. He refused. I then offered him 50 dollars and his horse, if he would return to me the money. He declined to do this. I repeated his sworn declarations to seerasy and fidelity, appealed to his honor and candor, qualities that he never pos-

sessed, told him of the kindnesses he had received from me, and conjured him to return me the money, and I would give up his horse and 100 dollars. He still objected. Then said I, "what will you do?" He says, "give me 300 dollars in good money, and the horse, and we will settle the concern, and I will give you back your money, worthless as it is." This was a trying moment. Did man's blood ever boil? Did vengeance ever shroud the world with darkness in mid-day? A storm was near by—already in my heart; but its thunderings and lightnings were housed up in my bosom, uncertain when it would burst forth, spreading desolation and ruin in its progress. We all mounted our horses and rode away, to allow time to consider what should be done.

About the middle of the afternoon Reed and myself returned to our place. All my deliberations amounted to nothing, only that we should not part. If he had attempted to escape, I was fully resolved that it should be his last effort. A new idea struck me. Two days before we had made cider. It was the first of the season. I told Reed it was in a good state for drinking, and we would have some. We entered the barn for this purpose, and I went to get it. Mother used opium, and I had recently bought her an ounce. I took a lump down cellar as large as a walnut, pulverized it in my hands and dropped it into the pitcher, then drew a small quantity, and carried it into the barn where Reed was. It foamed nicely, and I poured out a tumbler two thirds full for Reed, which he drank down. He then asked, "What makes it

taste so bitter?" I replied, "perhaps our folks have had some piera in the glass; come! take some more." He drank the second tumbler full. I then took some, and it was a choicce article.

We then threw open the barn doors, and sat down on some straw, where the sun shined warmly. I was cheerful as a robin, knowing that Reed was now in my power. I told him he ought to give up the money, and we would be friends forever; that I would help him in his business in every thing; but he did not relent. I lay down upon one elbow on the straw, and became dull—apparently sleepy. Shortly after Reed reclined, and began to nod, whilst I snored most naturally. He gaped and stretched out his feet, and soon slumbered sweetly. My medicine worked like a charm; in eight or ten minutes Reed slept soundly. I arose, took his pocket book from his person, lightened it of \$300, and restored it to his pocket. I then left him, went into the house and burnt every Note. My mind was relieved of the burthen that had oppressed it, and the afternoon passed away pleasantly. Reed slept about four hours, and to me it was a pleasant nap.

When he awoke, he inspected his pocket book, and his counterfeit money was gone. He came to the house, where I was, and charged me with robbing him. I said to him, "Be off, you Judas; I shall have no discourse with you. Be off, or I will help you; never come this way again, you lying whelp!" "Give me up my horse, and I will go," said he. "Never, I bought your horse, and before witnesses; paid you

for it, and if you are not out of my sight in one minute, I'll dig your infernal eyes out."

Reed began to cry and beg, but I drove him from my presenee, with all the curses that a wicked tongue could utter. He left the place, carrying his saddle upon his back, steering his course for New Milford, snivelling like a hungry child. I felt well, and it took one gallon of brandy to quiet the agitation of my brain. Next day I took the horse to Norwalk, and sold him for ninety-five dollars. I have told this tale perhaps a thousand times, and have never seen the man who did not acknowledge that exact justice was done to Reed.

Let any case, good or bad arise, it asks not support from a traitor. Treachery never subserves the cause of justice or injustice. It ultimately results in evil. Every traitor is verily guilty of perjury, and if a man will commit the latter crime, he is ready for any other crime which occasion may seem to require. Our laws fully recognize the enormity of treachery, and provide for it the most ignominious punishment.

Some men who pretend to be influenced by motives of the best good of community, will induce others to lie to sustain the public welfare. In the selection of their instruments they choose a man of doubtful reputation, believing that no honest man will so far demean himself as to be guilty of treachery. They offer gold, or its equivalent as an inducement to the commission of the crime. Such a regenerator of the world has objects in view of a selfish character. He presumes that society will be gratified with his suc-

cess, and all the glory, with the greatest portion of the reward will be his. He looks about, and finds a candidate to perform the meanest office that ever fell to the lot of degraded man. He administers to him lessons revolting to humanity. He counsels his tool to unite and mingle in the company of rogues, to swear fealty to them, and be counted as one of them; and having thus ingratiated himself into their secrets and plans of operation, to desert and bring them to punishment. Such reformers exist. Mathew Marvin was one of them, and his pliant tool, Tilley W. Reed, was employed to carry out the instructions he had received, and his golden reward was ready in the shape of promises never intended to be fulfilled.

Reed was a dull man, easily influenced by his pious preceptor, who had a holy zeal for the public good, while he was at the same time making regiments of drunkards, obtaining mortgages for rum debts, and extending pauperism through the community. Their projects were unsuccessful, and my escape from their merciless fangs I have always deemed Providential, as a rebuke upon the crime of treason—not on my account—but because the crime was so abhorrent in the mind of Deity, it should not be successful even to arrest a villain. Divine interposition rarely reforms a rogue. Though the machinations of my enemies were completely thwarted, yet it was no instruction to me. I did not profit by this good Providence in my escapes; but engaged in passing bad money more remorselessly than ever. The vain effort at detection was somewhat of a stimulus to me to impose

upon a world of knaves, morally tinged with the deepest turpitude, though conducted with the sanction of legal enactments. It will be seen that I allude to other paper institutions, with which, so far as knavery was concerned, I was at issue.

I continued successful in my business until cold weather. The efforts for my detection were unavailing. I and my associates improved the fall season in fleecing community, attending sprees, drinking, carousing and raising the devil. Our cautiousness was succeeded by boldness; but if we got into snarls and jangles, we contrived to get out of them. We had many a dog-fight in Norwalk and New-Canaan, and the villages about. We resorted to every scheme to throw the public off from their watchfulness, so that we could impose upon them.

CHAPTER XI.

Details of all sorts of cheateries during a period of two or three years—The members of this Joint Stock Company increased in numbers—A member paid George Hoadley, Cashier of the Eagle Bank, New-Haven, \$600 in counterfeit notes on the New-Brunswick and Hudson Banks—War with Great Britain opened additional channels for putting off bad bills—Sometimes assisted officers, by persuading men to enlist, and then got off bad bills upon the men—Then rumors that recruiting officers paid bounties in counterfeit money.

Shortly after these occurrences, it was necessary that I should go to Geo. Cannon's store to get a gallon of molasses. I met a man there going to Danbury, and sending my molasses to mother by a neighbor, I jumped into his sleigh and we drove on to the village, so celebrated in the puritanic annals, for raising a goodly stock of children upon bean porridge. We arrived at the hotel in an hour and a half, when we drank and joked awhile. I paid the reckoning from my own bank. My wife's mother lived in East Brookfield, and I left Danbury on foot to call upon her.

After walking two miles, I stopped at a store and found S. Cornwall there with a pair of horses hitched to a sleigh, bound for Brookfield, and I rode with him. We held up at a store in the village, at Colby Cham-

berlain's. Cornwall had to call at a house at a little distance from the tavern, and went on foot. A man by the name of James Thomas came out of the store, and seeing me in the sleigh, offered to drive me almost to my place of destination. He sprang into the sleigh, took the lines, and onward we went, leaving Cornwall to do the best he could. Thomas drove up to his house, unharnessed the horses, supposing they were mine, and put them into the stable. I had been out, carousing for several nights, and was tired and sleepy. During the evening, Cornwall got track of his horses, and in angry and furious mood, rushed into Thomas' house, and accused him with horse-stealing. The controversy waxed loud, and it awoke me from my sleep. I listened awhile, and finding the war was growing hotter and hotter, I rose from the bed, raised a window, sprang into the snow, and went off to my mother's house. A week afterwards I met Thomas, and he railed at me for getting him into a scrape that cost him \$10 to settle. I laughed at and vexed him for an hour, and finally told him that I would make it all right. I gave him a \$20 bad note, and he handed me back ten dollars in silver. We drank each other's health, got warm and jocose. I gave the store keeper a five dollar bill to pay up, and got \$4 75 in change, and we parted. I roamed about Bridgewater in my favorite speculations for a few days; then got a ride to Newtown; spent a day in my business, and then went to my head-quarters at Wilton.

I must pass by a year or two as having no distin-

guishing characteristics. Rambling, rowdyism, gambling and passing bad money, kept me industrious, and I escaped every artifice adopted for my detection. Our gang increased in numbers, and when our funds grew short, we sent a messenger to Crane & Staples, in Canada, to increase our stock. Our artists were skillful in their profession, and turned out perfect imitations, so that bank officers frequently received the bills as genuine. Harvey Merwin, of Brookfield, had borrowed \$600 at the Eagle Bank, N. Haven; the times were hard, money scarce, and there was a prospect of war with England. Merwin's note was about due, and he came to me for funds. I gave him the amount in bills on the New-Brunswick and Hudson Banks. He presented these bills to Mr Hoadley, the then popular Cashier of the Eagle Bank, who received them, and delivered Merwin his note. The speculation was a good one, and relieved him from his pecuniary embarrassment. Merwin had been associated with us more than a year, and was true as steel. As he was a store keeper and an extensive pork dealer, his facilities were great for scattering the funds of our prolific Bank.

Our difficulties with Great-Britain commenced. An embargo had paralyzed our commerce with foreign nations; war and a bloody contest seemed to be approaching, and there was much fear and apprehension of general ruin to business men. Situated as I was, I cared little about it, as my great purpose was to profit by the excitement. Living upon community like a leech, as I did, my patriotism, (like some of

those who passed for better men) was all concentrated in self. It was my business to reap all I could from the whirlwind. I was willing to break down sectional or national vitality, if I could get a living either from the vice or ignorance of society. Hitherto I had successfully done it; and as suspicions were fully awakened in regard to my career, a state of general agitation could hardly fail to divert attention from me. Then the liberty I had enjoyed would be less likely to be abridged, and prosperity would attend me. Of course I became a war party man, made loud if not eloquent speeches against Great Britain, and awoke as much as was in my power, public indignation against the oppressor, which had nailed to her topmasts the hated emblem, "Britannia Rules the Waves."

In process of time War was declared, and recruiting officers were found in every large village, and their rendezvous were always in the immediate vicinity of grog shops. There is nothing like Rum to wake up dormant patriotism, inspire cowards with daring, and make fools and mad-men. Thus are men constituted, and so long as war is tolerated by nations, the material for manufacturing soldiers is essential. I have often thought that no Maine Law system can be introduced successfully in any nation, until the quarreling and warring propensities of men of influence are subdued.

I and my comrades made frequent visits to these dens of iniquity, and our success was in proportion to our diligence. I occasionally served as enlisting

agent, under Col. Morris Ketchum and Capt. Peter Bradley, and added to their stock of soldiers very materially. When a man becomes half drunk, his patriotism rises, and he is ready to shed the blood of his enemies and send his fellow mortals to their last account, without a tear of sympathy. Our gang was a hardened set, and as we had only one object in view, every other consideration was made to bow to it as supreme. We cared not where domestic peace was broken up, neither did we regard the widow's appeal for her only son. We urged onward our suit amid carousals and revelry, and found that every barrier would flee before our skill.

The war was engaged in with spirit. Gen'l Hull was the commander in chief, and promised to do honor to our country's arms. The British army, with the Indians, their allies, under the command of General Brock, drew near the American encampment, and demanded a surrendry of the army, and Gen. Hull submitted without firing a gun. This affair was unlooked for by Mr. Madison and his Cabinet, and produced a momentary panic through the country. The loss for a time of the services of so many men, rendered it necessary for the government to raise a large force with the utmost speed, and as an inducement to enrolment a greatly increased bounty was offered. I encouraged Isaac Arnold, a miserably intemperate man, to enlist. The officer paid him the bounty, and the first business he engaged in for the honor of his country, was to get drunk. I saw that his bounty would soon be spent, and I offered to take care of it

for him, and he delivered it to me. Arnold was dull and nearly torpid, and I stepped out in the dark, took his money and substituted counterfeit in its place, enwrapped it in a piece of brown paper, and stowed it away in his pocket. During the night he slept away all knowledge of our interview the previous evening. For several days he spent his money freely, and paid Mr. Marvin a considerable amount for a rum debt. In the course of a few days Arnold's money was all spent, and it was found to be all counterfeit. Here arose the first troubles in the camp. It was currently reported that Col. Ketchum had paid the bounty of the recruits in counterfeit money, as every soldier had more or less of it. This coming to the Colonel's ears, he was placed in a disagreeable attitude.

Many traced their bad money to Arnold, and as he was intemperate and poor before his enlistment, it necessarily followed that he received it from the recruiting officer. It became in the minds of the people a fixed fact that this bad money came from government. As additional evidence, not a man of the whole military company was free from the charge of having counterfeit money. The public became excited, and the more the subject was agitated the more certain it was to the minds of many, that the government had, for the want of sufficient funds, supplied the deficiency with counterfeit money. The community charged the fraud fearlessly upon these recruiting officers. Major Ketchum became indignant, and solemnly swore that if any man thereafter should

assert that he had paid the bounties in counterfeit money, he would hold him responsible to the law, and if need be, to the loaded pistol. His resolution stilled the uproar, for he was well known to be courageous and inflexible, and woe be to him who dared to confront him with insult.

No man ever suspected my agency in these transactions. The evidence was certainly wanting to exculpate the officers from the force of apparent facts. The bad Notes were upon the same banks, and of a like denomination with those paid by the officers to the soldiers. The officers held special meetings on the subject, and called in men of wealth and business, well acquainted with paper money, and they examined some thousands of dollars unexpended in the officers' hands, and pronounced every note genuine. Here was a dilemma. The money paid out was chiefly counterfeit, and what was remaining was all good. No man could give a gleam of light upon the subject. The soldiers had been allowed but little intercourse with the citizens, and of course could not have been tampered with by rogues.

The more the officers thought upon the subject the more the difficulty of reaching a rational exposition of all these conflicting facts. They finally decided on leaving their quarters and locating elsewhere, trusting that time and absence from this locality, might result in some developments which would aid them in their efforts to fathom such irreconcilable facts. They never returned to find out the truth, and the illustrious Major long after recited these facts as

overthrowing the whole basis of circumstantial evidence.

This trick upon Arnold, though productive of mischief, turmoil and confusion, did not stand alone in the catalogue of imposition. I was frequently at the place of rendezvous, and the subject of counterfeit money was the chief topic of conversation. All the soldiers had money, and each was anxious to know if his was genuine. Forty pocket books were daily examined by critics, and the bills pronounced good. New recruits joined the standard, the bounty was paid, and before night much of it was found to be counterfeit. Some became superstitious, believing that magic or witchery had an agency in converting good money into bad; and opponents of the war became satisfied that it was a frown of Providence on the injustice of the conflict. There was great excitement among all classes, but none could solve the problem. It was a day of strange things, and great numbers gathered round the soldiers to inspect the bills. I was on hand here, John Gregory there, Lyman or Jo. Mills in another spot, prying into and comparing bills. A ten dollar bill might be under examination, and after a dozen had pronounced it "good," I would examine it, pretending to know little about money. At the same time, I had a counterfeit bill of like denomination, and of the same bank rolled up in my hand. I made the exchange, pronounced the bill good, handed it back, and the owner put it in his pocket book. Thus I made exchanges, oftentimes of \$100 a day. Next day the funds were re-

examined, and counterfeit notes found among them. Each man swore that no person had been permitted to have access to his pocket book; but there had been a conversion from good to bad bills by hocus pocus, or by the devil. It is easy to conjecture what a state of things must inevitably ensue from such an array of facts, and the whole business was a marvel among the people. The result was, the removal of the recruiting establishment, after which the topic of money changing died away.

I now adopted a different plan, not easy of detection. We procured a large number of one dollar bills upon every bank we thought best. By chemical principles, and nice mechanical skill, we removed the figure or word, and inserted 20, 50 or 100 in its stead. Then we fearlessly applied to the banks for specie, and it was always counted out to us in good faith, and we drove a good business by this game. The bank officers supposed that in the issue of these notes, by some oversight they had omitted to preserve a full statement on the books of the bank. Mr. Hoadley, of the Eagle Bank, New Haven, raised the popularity of this institution, so that its stock rose to an unprecedented value, and as he was a careless financier, his clerks and tellers fell into the like negligence, and hence these issues of notes of a large denomination were more thoroughly spread than he was aware of. No report of these omissions was made to the directors and stockholders, and hence their dispersion among the people was not a subject of investigation. This was a good business, productive as any mint

in the land, and it was pursued for many months with great profit. After the lapse of time the fraud was discovered, and this choice plaa was mostly abandoned.

CHAPTER XII.

Remarks on Roguery—Effects of the War on the Currency—Irresponsible Banks sprang up, affording a favorable opening for Counterfeiters—Went out to the Delaware River—Pursued on my return—Escaped from the clutches of four men, with loss of horse—Was a foot-pad for a day or two—Then purchased a horse with bad bills—Deceived the seller as to the course I was traveling—Reached home, and the brethren came in to tender their gratulations on my narrow escape.

Perhaps no pursuit more fully develops a fertility of invention, and necessary adoption of expedients, than roguery. The minds of such men are as fixed upon a darling project as a geometrical student is upon a problem of Euclid. In their conclaves every thing foreign to the subject is studiously avoided, and the discussions pursued with a directness and precision worthy of a better cause. The truth is, their

personal safety and liberty is depending solely upon their adroitness to silence the first breathings of suspicion ; or if suspected and pursued, to be able to escape the vigilance of the officers of justice, by personal activity and lures to put them upon the wrong track. Then the rogue shoots up elsewhere, practices his knavery, misleads the public for a short time, mingles with the crowd, and passes away unseen.

The monied interests of the country at this time were in a state of confusion and uncertainty. War was upon our frontiers and in our midst, and the business operations of the bulk of the nation were attended with embarrassment and losses. Public confidence was shaken, and diffidence, doubt, and melancholy brooded over our hitherto active and enterprising population. Ruinous loans were contracted ;—the minds of the people were disturbed, and recklessness and dissipation were withering curses upon the country. Capitalists gained charters for new banking institutions, and the country was flooded with an irredeemable stream of paper money. In a little time these banks closed their doors, wound up their affairs, and left with the people a vast amount of worthless bank paper. Our banking company turned this state of things to their advantage. As soon as a new bank was chartered, and one half of its stock taken up, we issued, by our artists, a very large amount of notes, and palmed them off upon the community weeks before the real bank itself had begun to employ engravers on their plates. Thus our money upon these new institutions was the first in market, and of course,

in the opinion of the people, these must be good, because the counterfeiterers could not get ready to defraud the public, inasmuch as the real bank had scarcely got into operation. When the genuine notes began to appear they were totally unlike those we had so successfully palmed off. Many of these banks were originated by unprincipled men, and made purposely to defraud mankind, but we so managed that many of them were broken and ruined, and the stockholders fell victims to the chicanery of a company without a charter. It was dealing out to them exact justice in a way they had no conception of. If they cursed the counterfeiterers, a discerning and grateful public ought to have given the credit to us who anticipated their designs and triumphed over them.

Occasionally I would take an excursion abroad and trade with the people and dispose of some of my funds. I looked over the subject and adopted a new expedient. I left home on foot, with my pockets filled with Canada paper, and went out to the Delaware river and passed up and down among the taverns and jockies, the gamblers and drunkards of that wild region. But I concluded to return to Connecticut, and bought a horse, saddle and bridle, and paid for them out of the funds of my bank. I started in the afternoon for home, tarried all night at a tavern, and cashed my bill with ten dollars. I rode on until 2 P. M. and held up at a tavern in Shinglekill, fed my horse and sat down to dinner. While I was eating four men came in and arrested me, having followed in my wake from the Delaware.

I ate my dinner undisturbed, and then they insisted upon my return with them to the Delaware. They averred that I had paid for my horse with counterfeit money ; but I told them that if the money was bad I had been cheated by some rascal who had imposed upon me. Yet these men had their orders and dared not disobey them. So I mounted my horse, and they tied my feet in the stirrups to prevent my escape, and we trotted on westward. I soon commenced telling stories to them, and they crowded close to me to hear, and became deeply interested in the various tales I invented and related for their amusement. These fictions threw them off their guard, and while they were in roars of laughter I untied my stirrup fastenings and left my feet free and ready to use when opportunity might make it important. We now entered upon a narrow part of the road and were huddled together very closely ; so I backed my horse to give a little room, slipped out of the saddle, ran down the hill into the woods and bushes at the top of my speed, being followed by my keepers. I gained upon them several rods, but a bundle of clothing that I had in my hand proving a hindrance, I east it into a hollow stump, and continued my course. At the foot of the gorge, between the mountains, I passed a large stream too deep to ford, but here a hemlock had fallen across it, having been torn up by the roots by some convulsion of nature. I jumped upon the tree and ran across it, and it moved backward and forward, and as I sprang upon the opposite bank, the tree tumbled into the river and shnt off my pursuers. I shouted to them, lifted

my hat, and bade them good-bye, and I never had another interview with them. But I lost my horse and his trappings, and as they had been paid for in counterfeit notes, I did not stop my course to grieve and shed tears on this occasion.

I continued on my way through the woods until evening. Here I staid alone through the night and in the morning took my course by the rising of the sun and came out at the village of Newburgh. This country, at this period, was chiefly a dense and almost limitless forest, and I lost my course many times, but the morning sun would set me right. I crossed the Hudson at Newburgh in the ferry boat, walked on five miles to Fishkill, and stopped at a tavern for the night. I gave my host a five dollar note to pay for my entertainment, received the change, drank the landlord's health, and ascended Fishkill mountain with an elastic step. I met a man at the tavern who was rather inquisitive respecting my business, and I informed him that I had been out north-west, and having sold my horse, was walking towards home in Massachusetts, and was getting weary of my journey. I inquired of him where I could buy a horse. He told me he had one to sell, urged me to go to his place and see it, and with apparent reluctance I consented. The horse was a good one, and I purchased it, together with a saddle and bridle, and paid him the price agreed on, and rode onward in the direction of Massachusetts until evening, when I changed my course for Fairfield County, Conn., and late in the evening stopped at a tavern twelve miles from Danbury. The

next day I arrived in Bridgewater, and found my family in good condition. During my excursion I passed nearly \$1000 of counterfeit money, escaped once from four keepers, lodged in the woods one night, and returned home unchanged in my purposes.

It was before the days of telegraphing, and yet my old associates, living twenty-five miles away, seemed to know intuitively the hour in which I arrived at home, and the next day I was visited by a dozen of them. This fact has appeared to me inexplicable, for I never put much confidence in impressions, and I never believed that the devil would take pains to whisper in the ears of our gang the intelligence of my return from a long ramble.

CHAPTER XIII.

Near the close of the War assumed the draft of a neighbor, and went to New-London—Made it a time of frolic, and petty thefts of such things as patriots need, particularly pigs, turkeys, hives of bees, &c—Farmers complained to our officers, and they threatened severe punishment on detection—Commissary furnished poor liquor—One evening spirited away a better article from his store—Peace declared, and soldiers return home—Resuming the old business, went to Canada for funds—Closely watched on my way returning—Adopted various stratagems to secrete money—Fruitless search by a sheriff—Then treated him from a wooden bottle, concealing bad bills between its false heads—Reached home, and divided the funds.

The war was still continuing and drafts were occasionally made upon the population to supply the coast guard. Andrew Morehouse was drafted in my vicinity, to go to New-London to protect the place from the ravages of Commodore Hardy, whose fleet hung about the harbor. Andrew felt disheartened, said his wife was sick, and he could not go. "Give me a dollar, you old coward," said I, "and I will go in your place." The bargain was made, Andrew became cheerful, his wife got well in an hour, and he was a man of leisure.

I staid in New-London until the war closed, and

kept up a perpetual series of frolics. We gambled, drank, scuffled and wrestled, attended dances and sprees, visited dens of infamy, and engaged in every department of vice and wickedness. Few, if any, left the barracks with horror at the scenes there enacted. The men had become familiar with vice, and long was it doubtless, after their return, before the iniquities consequent upon war were forgotten.

Soldiers quartered in any neighborhood are perpetually in hostility with the inhabitants. The fare of soldiers consists in no luxury but that of rum. Pork, salt beef and bread, constitute their chief diet, and their appetites, under such regimen, acquire a keenness that prompts them to look abroad for the good things of life. Foraging expeditions were managed with great care and circumspection, and men soon became adepts and experts in the business. Water-melon patches, within two miles of our encampment, at Groton, were robbed of their cylindrical treasures; peach orchards were almost nightly remembered by rapacious visitors, and the apple orchards contributed their mite to our comfort. Fowls and eggs were dainties that were appreciated. One day I was rambling a mile from head-quarters, and drew near an orchard of apples, and asked the owner to furnish me with a few. He was a tory and I knew it, and he angrily refused me, and said that if the British would land he would give them all that he had. I felt vexed, but kept calm and cool. I saw a large row of bee-hives standing by his house, and I coveted one of them and resolved to help myself when

convenience should urge me on. Upon a bright moonlight evening I called upon Elias Matthews, a soldier from New Canaan, to go with me. We started about eight o'clock in the evening for the tory's house, and when we arrived there we found they had visitors in a fine state of excitement. We heard them talking and laughing and enjoying life pleasantly. I spread out my overcoat in an adjoining meadow, walked up to the house, lifted and fastened up one end of the boards that lay over the hives, took up one of the largest and carried it over the fence and deposited it upon my coat. At this moment two men came out of the house, and I ran like a deer into a swamp near by, but they passed on, not having noticed me. Matthews also took to flight. I supposed my coat and honey were gone, but I was undiscovered. I now returned to my bee-hive and wrapped my coat over it and carried it to the brook to wash out the bees. I wore a glazed hat, and after turning up the hive poured in a hat full of water, and thus rinsed out the occupants. I never minded bee stings, but thousands now almost made me wince under their inflictions. We had carried up two camp kettles to hold the honey, but Matthews was missing, and I did the work as best I could. I took out the honey down to the cross-sticks and it filled the kettles. I then pulled off my shirt, tied a string closely about the flaps and filled my shirt full as a bag of corn. After passing on about forty rods Matthews popped up his head from behind a fence and spied me with my load of honey. "Oh you have got it," said he. "Yes," I replied, "and

no thanks to you, either !” but he helped to carry our honey toward our hiding place. We went to a stack of hay, cautiously dug cavities in it, and concealed the honey completely. I then went back and got the empty hive and carried it out in the rear of the fort and left it, to put the owners upon the wrong track if they should go to look for it. But I had been dreadfully stung, and next morning I was swelled up most hideously. I had the bee stings picked out of my face; arms and back, and a clean shirt on, and as it was Sunday, I got some lead and blacked my face and eyes and went to the captain and told him that I had a spree the night before, and fell down stairs and bruised my face. He looked at me with a broad grin, and gave me permission to stay away from church. I stayed this day concealed in the garret of the house where we quartered, and when they came to search for honey none could be found ; but the empty hive was discovered back of the fort, and they thought the soldiers in the fort stole it. A few evenings after we removed the honey from the stack into a swamp, strained it out of the combs, and filled a two gallon jug with it, but the old tory was never any wiser for it.

When the honey manœuvre was gone by, as we had poor living from our rations, we arranged to have some fresh pork as something new. We had seen a pen of fat pigs belonging to a rich old farmer, who was under British influence, and we resolved to steal one on a dark night ; four of us started for our game. I sprang into the pen, caught a pig by the nose and

heels ; we lifted it out, hurried it into a swamp, cut its throat, skinned it, and hung it upon a tree. When we wanted fresh meat we went and cut off some of the flesh and cooked it. This afforded our company a good living over a week. An ineffectual search was made for the animal, but no soldier could tell anything about it.

Nocturnal expeditions from our encampment occurred almost nightly, and daily complaints came to our officers of the marauding spirit of the soldiers. As far as I ever ascertained, not a single individual was ever arrested for his appropriating the property of others to himself. The officers threatened us with punishment if we were caught, but their efforts to detect us were unavailing. They loved good things to eat as well as ourselves.

My father was in the revolutionary war, and in my childhood I had heard him relate his nocturnal prowess in that eventful war, and the poaching expeditions of my worthy parent came to my recollection. Their rations were short in quantity and inferior in quality and so were ours. They supplied their deficiency and imperfectness from the abundant stores of an inimical population. They endured hardships and privations, and such was our lot. Who could impute to us blame in mingling comforts in the bitter cup of life, when they were accessible ?

But to return. While at New London, the inhabitants were almost daily making complaints to our officers of thefts, losses, and damages. We entered the fields and pasture grounds of the people at mid-day,

milked their cows, plucked turnips and potatoës from the earth, and fearlessly carried them into the camp.

One day a crabbed old farmer overtook me with a pail of milk in my hand, that I had just before abstracted from one of his cows, and with threatening words and gestures, followed me to the guard house, and reported me to the lieutenant. He said, "This fellow has stole milk from my cows, and I caught him at it, and with his pail full in his hands ; he denies it, and is impudent to me. I had rather the British were here, and if they would come, I would give them all they want. The British are our best friends." The lieutenant drew his sword and told him peremptorily to hold his tongue, for if he said one word more he would arrest him and put him under guard. The old man went off in silence and in wrath. This was the last time that he laid his grievances before our officers.

Another day five of us went to a field of turnips to get some sauce. The owner spied us, and came out with his loaded gun and ordered us off. I jumped over the fence, among the turnips, and the owner halloed to me, "Get out, or I will shoot you !" I replied, "You will, eh !" I kept pulling turnips until I had got my arms full, then handed them to one of the men in the street. Again he swore he would shoot me. "You will, eh !" and kept filling my arms with turnips, and gave them to another of the men, and so I continued under his threats with a gun in his hands until we had fully supplied our wants.

Our encampment was on the east side of the Thames, opposite New London, and we had to cross

the river to the commissary's store to draw our rations. Our boats were sent across the river in the evening, and a dozen or more boats' crews were frequently there at the same time. This commissary had pay for good liquors, but furnished us with potatoe whisky. This is the most execrable liquor ever made by the ingenuity of depraved man. We were entitled to a gill of cider brandy, a passable liquor; but this commissary often gave us the potatoe extract. Many of us complained to Col. Sterling of the wretchedness of our drink, and he told us to accept of no poor food or drink. One evening a dozen boat loads of men crossed over to the commissary's store, and I went with them, with an undivulged object in view. While the crowds were receiving their rations, one by one, I slyly rolled a barrel nearly half full of cider brandy out of the back door into the boat, and then rowed back. Here we drew off the liquor, put it in jugs, bottles, canteens, and camp kettles; then knocked the barrel in pieces, and threw the staves and headings into the river to float out to Commodore Hardy's squadron. We carried the liquor to our camp and hid it as well as we could. In the morning an uproar was made by the commissary for his stolen liquor. I had a camp kettle full standing upon the floor of our room, when the colonel came in and inquired about it. I was cook of a company of seven, and happened to be paring potatoes for breakfast. My fire burnt slowly, and I took up my kettle and hitched it upon a trammel over it. "Stewart," says the colonel, "where is the liquor your boat's crew stole last night

from the commissary's store?" I replied, "I did not steal any." Says he, "you smell as strong of cider brandy as if you had washed the floor with it, and some of the men got drunk last night." "Colonel," said I, "you know that half a gill will make some men drunk, and as for myself, I don't drink any." He searched the room over, but found none, and rationally supposed that my camp kettle contained water to boil my potatoes. As soon as he was gone I took the kettle and emptied it into some jugs standing in the room, and here ended the search.

Every kind of manœuvre was resorted to to hoodwink our officers. They had once been common soldiers, and were familiar with the wants of an army, and their inquiries and examinations were far from being scrupulously rigid. They would say to the men, "Never steal any thing; be careful, for if you are *caught*, you will be severely punished." We understood it, and our practice was in accordance with the true principles of soldiers' law—our best good.

Our time had nearly expired; the war had closed, and we were to be discharged in a day or two. A mile below us I had noticed in my evening rambles a white tom turkey roosting upon an apple tree.—Around this tree was a high rail fence. I went out about 8 o'clock in the evening, climbed upon the fence and caught the turkey by the legs. He squalled and flapped his wings powerfully. The owner heard what was going on and came to the door with his gun, and fired. The ball went through my hat and knocked it off upon the ground. I brought down the

turkey, squalling and flapping, picked up my hat and ran with all my might. Finding his shot ineffectual, he set his bull dog after me ; I kept thrashing the dog in the face and eyes with the turkey, until, as he was about to give up the battle, he caught my coat tail in his teeth and tore it off, but one more blow with the old white turkey drove him away howling. I now gave the bird's neck a deadly twist, and his squalling and flapping soon terminated. Next day we cooked him, and had a thanksgiving dinner in earnest. I repaired my hat so skillfully that no man noticed it.

We were now discharged, and each man went to his home. I picked my corn, dug my potatoes, hauled up the winter's wood, and got all things ready for the support of my family. Now I cast about and contrived for the winter. My former employment promised fairer than any thing else, and the instructions that I had obtained at Groton qualified me especially to engage in deeds of daring and imposition. I was destitute of the proper funds, but a fortnight furnished a full supply. I rode to Canada, got five hundred dollars, and sold my horse, saddle and bridle to the engravers, and then contrived how to carry the funds safely. I had never learned the cooper's trade, and I went to a shop and had a great wooden bottle made with three heads. I did up my money in fragments of bladders, took out the outer head and packed it in close and snug, and then restored the head. I now filled the bottle with rum, and started with it for home on foot. Every man going south was suspected of being engaged in the counterfeit trade, and large

bounties were offered for the detection of rogues. I was fully aware that every stranger was watched, and oftentimes searched, and I was ready with my bottle of liquor to submit to any investigation. In about three days I arrived at Whitehall, and was stopped by the sheriff and his agents. They examined my pockets and every place about my clothing where money could be stowed, and found nothing. I then treated them from my wooden bottle, and we parted in apparent friendship. They were not aware that they had had the whole treasure in their hands and almost in contact with their mouth and eyes. My replies to all their questions were satisfactory; and after they had drank, I took the bottle and drank their health, wishing them each happiness and long life.

When I got home, my funds were distributed among the company, and each went his own way, made his own bargains, and traded as seemed good in his own eyes. I reserved a share to myself, and as occasion presented, I palmed it off. The spirit of frolic was in me; I loved to gamble, raffle, pitch dollars, go to balls and sprees, and to be almost continually in some scrape. I ran horses, jockeyed, bought and sold sheep, drank rum freely, and kept my whole system in a state of perfect activity. I slept but little, always carried pistols and a dirk, to be ready for every emergency, being unable to tell what an hour might bring forth. I had an iron constitution; a self-possession and boldness that never quailed or deserted me. I slept at night, if at all, with my fire-arms under my head, and in my dreams I have often sprung from my couch

across the room, surmising that enemies were about to arrest me. Sometimes I stayed in the woods or upon the mountains to hide myself from the hosts that were eager to seize me. And then again, I would confront them, fearless as the panther of the forest.

CHAPTER XIV.

Started to Canada for more money—Secreted bills in a clumsy hollow staff—On my return a sheriff arrested me for passing a bad bill at a tavern—Escaped from him and three other men and a dog, into the woods—At night returned to place of arrest, got my hidden cane, and next morning was several miles ahead—Arrived at home—Started as a witness to the Court at Fairfield—On my way there was arrested as a counterfeiter, and kept in Danbury jail several months—Annoyed the jailer, by playing tricks on him—Was ironed, and broke loose often—One night escaped prison, ran a few miles, and entered a house at a late hour, where a quilting party had been detained by a severe storm—Was recognized, watched, and next day taken back to jail.

After a few weeks, I took my horse and went again to Canada to get money. We were good customers to the engravers, as we called upon them very fre-

quently. I came down into Vermont and there met some of our company, and distributed my funds ; let one of them have my horse, and took my way on foot to Albany. I got a large alder from a swamp adjoining the road, borrowed an inch and half auger and bored a hole in the end, and whittled a plug to stop it. I had let all my money go to the company but eighty dollars. I put seventy dollars in the end of this alder staff, inserted my stopple in it, and walked on. When evening approached, I stopped at a tavern on the west side of the river and stayed through the night. Next morning I started early and went down to Esopus, called at a tavern and asked the landlord for breakfast. While I was in conversation with him, three men rode down the street, and drew up to me and asked if I stayed above at a house of entertainment. I answered in the affirmative. They told me that I paid the landlord a counterfeit five dollar bill, and wanted me to go back with them. I told them that being short for money, I had sold my horse and taken my pay in bills, and that I had spent nearly the whole ; that I knew nothing about paper money, and if I had let the landord have a bad note, that I would settle the matter and go on. They said I must go back with them. I threw my alder cane out into a wood-pile, and told them that if I must return, we would have something to drink before we started. I called for some liquor. We all drank, and I again offered to settle with them ; said I was in a great hurry, and wished they would let me go on my way. I should have succeeded, but one man remarked if I was hon-

est, I certainly ought to go back. The outside doors were open, and a large fat woman stood in an adjoining room by the side of an open door, washing dishes. I watched for a convenient chance to escape, and while the men were talking and drinking, I sprang out of the room, and hitting the old woman with my boot, rolled her and her dishes on the floor. I ascended a hill in the rear of the house with the whole company in chase about ten rods behind me. I gained on them, and then they set their dog after me, hallooing and shouting; the dog approached me, and I spatted my hands together, and yelled to the dog, "catch him, catch him!" The animal passed by me and went howling over the hill beyond me, then turned about and went off another way.

When I got upon the hill top, there was a large forest upon my left and a piece of brush wood upon my right. I now was out of sight of my pursuers, and hid myself some twenty rods to the right, under an old brush fence covered with Mohawk briars. The company, as I previously conjectured, went into the wide forest after me, and after searching half an hour, found no trace of me, and gave up the chase as hopeless. I cautiously crept away upon a rocky hill, partially covered with wood and grape vines, and could look down upon all the movements around the tavern, and yet I was so hidden that they could not see me. Here I lay through the day. I had eaten nothing since supper the night before, and was as hungry as a half famished wolf; but I thought "discretion the better part of valor," and kept quiet.

Night slowly and finally came on, and after the lights were extinguished at the tavern, I descended from my observatory, went down to the wood-pile and got my alder cane, and passed the tavern house. The dog barked loudly, but I passed on through the night unmolested, occasionally filling my pockets from the adjoining orchards. Early in the morning I crossed the river below Poughkeepsie, got breakfast, and bought watches and trinkets. Then I took the route to Pine Plains, near Dover. I found victuals in abundance at the farm-houses on the way, and purchased all the watches I could. Occasionally I entered a store and bought a handkerchief, a glass of grog, or some crackers, and before I got to Connecticut line my alder was empty.

I here met my company that I left in Vermont; they supplied me with funds and I went on home to Bridgewater.

Next week I was summoned as a witness to the Superior Court, in Fairfield. On my way I passed Newtown and bought a new bridle, and paid out a five dollar bill. As I was handing it to the man I saw it was a bad one and grasped for it and tore it in two. I was aware that every dollar I spent in that village must be good; but I got this bill out of the wrong partition of my pocket book. The hue and cry went out against me, and a dozen men surrounded me. I had a tobacco box full in my pocket, and I cautiously opened it and put the notes in my mouth. They then seized me and threw me upon the ground and tried to shake me, but I chewed and swallowed and ultimate-

ly got the money down. Daniel Burhans, an Episcopal clergyman, was active in searching me. They found nothing, and only saw something white in my mouth, which they failed to get.

A writ was issued against me, and I was arrested and placed under keepers through the night. Next day came on my trial, and as all the lawyers were at court, I was compelled to defend myself. I was bound over to the next court, and immediately hurried off to Danbury jail. It was a cold season, and we had only a little fire, and suffered much from the cold. My bonds were \$300, and not one of my old associates had nerve enough to come near me to give bail for my appearance at court.

I was kept here through the winter, and all of the succeeding summer, until September. Of a truth I was active in something, and proved to be a great annoyance to Mat. Curtiss, the jailor. I would hoot in the night season, rouse him from sleep by hideous noises, and disturb him in any way I could. I contrived to cheat him in diverse ways, and he often told me that he wished I was out of sight and hearing. The rats annoyed him beyond measure, and they would gnaw all night, making as much noise as a dozen buzz saws. Curtiss told me that for every rat that I would catch, he would give me a gill of rum. Through the plank floor of the prison the rats had gnawed a hole, and every night they would come out and work about the room. I set an Indian trap by the rat-hole and tied the bait upon a long stick, in the middle of the room, and the first evening the rat came

out, went to the bait and sprung my trap, so as to shut the rat hole. Next morning I called to Curtiss, that a rat was caught, and he brought me the gill of rum, requested me to kill it, and throw it out of the grated window. I had a box stove in the room, in which I put the rat, fed him well, and next morning let him into the room and cried out to the jailer that I had caught another rat. He told me to kill it and cast it out of the window, and then brought the gill of grog. I put him into the stove for the next morning, and then reported another rat, and received my gill of rum. So I managed with the rat for a whole month, had my grog regularly every morning, until one night I left the hole open, and the rat escaped. I tried in vain to trap another, but this old fellow had given his rat brethren the hint, and not another entered my cell. I had become attached to the roguish creature, for he was good company, and enabled me to cheat the jailer out of my grog, although I had money enough to buy with. Men in confinement are always pleased with any living animal; their presence seems to while away the tedious hours. Perhaps I valued my rat friend more, because the whole race of them get their living by roguery and cunning. At any rate he was a favorite, and I would not have lost him for money.

I contrived further to busy myself, by constructing an Indian bow, and made an arrow to fit it, with a hooked barb in the end. When Mrs. Curtiss washed the clothing of the family, she suspended them on the line in the rear of the Jail. I fastened a cord to

the arrow and shot it into the clothes, then drew them in through the grates. In two hours I brought every thing from the line, and put them under my bunk. In the morning there was a great outcry that the clothes were stolen, and Curtiss raved and spoke harshly. While he was in the yard swearing, I asked him, "what will you give me to tell you where they are?" Said he, "I will treat you." "No, no, I replied, give me a gallon of rum and I will tell you." I will give a pint, said Curtiss. "Give me a gallon, and I will tell you, and nothing less." With much reluctance he brought it in, and poured it in a tin pail, saying, "How do you know who stole them?" Ah, said I, "I keep guard about your house while you sleep, for the rogues would have carried you off long ago, and given you your deserts, had it not been for me." "Now," said the jailer, "tell me where the clothes are, or pay me for the rum." I lifted up my bed, and there they lay. Curtiss said "Oh, you devil you, who handed them in to you?" I showed him my bow and arrow, and the string attached to it, and gave him a specimen of my Indian skill. Said he, "you are the greatest curse that ever lived;" but not I replied, "the greatest fool in Danbury." Curtiss said, "Stuart, I will chain you!" "That's right," said I, "I hate to be neglected!" "Blast you," he said, "I will let you go on in your own way." "That's right, that's right," said I, "you are a good, kind man, and ought to be in Congress instead of staying here in this old rotten, stinking jail." He took up the bundle

of clothes and went out with a loud laugh, saying, "I never heard of such a provoking devil as you."

The jailer evidently was becoming afraid of me. He had often said that I was the most troublesome animal he ever saw. But I was good natured towards him, and in my prompt and abrupt manner, told him that he was a great coward, and I pitied him. It always gratified me to tease any body, and I contrived every scheme that ingenuity could devise to disturb him. He was in doubt what to do, and went to the sheriff for counsel. "Chain him," said the sheriff, "and you will keep him quiet." Curtiss came into the prison and told me his orders. I replied, "That's right, Curtiss, put the screws on, load me with chains, and do your duty." Next day, the blacksmith came, handcuffed me, put a ring around each ankle, and by a staple and short chain fastened me to the floor. "Now," said he, "Stuart be easy, damn you!"

Soon as night came, I began to thrash my chains and handcuffs upon the floor, and soon broke off my handcuffs. I had the blades of case knives made sharp, and hacked them together and made saws of them. I soon cut off the bolts that confined me, and hid my saws in the cracks of the floor. In the morning, Laura, his daughter, came in to the ante-room of the prison, and I stood looking out of the grief hole, and asked for some water. The girl cried out, "father, Stuart is loose again." Curtiss came and said "damn you, I will chain you worse than ever Burroughs was chained." "That's right, do, I wish you would, for you set great store by me."

The jailer was the chief butcher in the village of Danbury, and it was his business to drive over the town in the morning to make sales. He said to me, "Stuart, how do you get your chains off?" "Well," said I, "Mr. Curtiss, I am apt to have the night mare when I sleep, and when it comes on I struggle and tumble about, and the first I know the chains fall off. I don't believe your blacksmith knows how to do it. He is careless and never puts them on strong; besides, this iron is the *red shire*, and is good for nothing. The State pays him, and it is a shame to cheat the government with such mean work. Get good iron; never spare, make large heads to the rivets, counter-sink the clasps, and hammer them down even."

A half day was spent in restoring the irons. Curtiss was kept from distributing meat to his customers, and they began to threaten establishing another market place. I was chained to the floor, handcuffs on my wrists, a long chain about my neck, and apparently all secure. Then I spent half of a night in thrashing my irons, shouting, groaning and swearing. About midnight all is still, and the jailer well filled with liquor; sleeps. I pick my knives out of the cracks in the floor and go to work, and when he awakes in the morning he finds me whistling and dancing a hornpipe. Curtiss comes and peaks into the grief hole, and bawls out, "Stuart, you infernal curse, what are you about?" "Only whistling and dancing a hornpipe," said I. He neglects his butchering, goes for Stevens, the smith, and brings him into the jail, surly as a bull. With his tools he pulls up

the great iron staples, then picks up the broken irons and goes to his shop and repairs them. This takes till noon, and the jailer's customers are not served with meat for their dinners. I find trouble is brewing with Curtiss, and I tease him. In the afternoon, Stevens brings in a back load of irons and lays them down by me. I said to him, "Stevens, put them on good to day, so when my night mare comes on they can't fall off." He goes to clinching bolts, driving staples, and fastening me down. I said, "I guess you have got him fast here, look at this rivet; I am afraid it is not strong; do up your work well; not have it half done, as you did yesterday. When I have the night mare, I fear that this poor old iron will come all to pieces. Hammer in the heads, and keep me close." Curtiss and Stevens leave me. I begin to thrash the chains about the floor, and make all the noise I can, keeping it up till midnight; lie quiet awhile; then I pick my saws out of the cracks, saw off the bolts, throw off my chains and cast them against the grates and upon the floor. I thus compelled them daily to repair and restore my bands and chains, until they found it useless to endeavor to confine me. They learnt wisdom and left them off. One fact is certain, with an old nail in prison, I could do more than with the best tools out of it.

It was now mid-summer, and all my bars, bolts and chains were laid aside, and for a few days I was tranquil and quiet. My rambling spirit came over me again, and I was resolved to break out for the fun of it. My wife came over from Bridgewater in the

night, and brought me an auger, and I drew it in through the grates. In those days jail breaking did not render the prisoner liable to punishment. I was now in the upper story of the prison, and I bored out a hole large enough to crawl through, tore up a blanket into strips, to ease me to the earth, and got all ready to depart. Elijah Bennett was in the room with me, and as he had been arrested for burning up his own house because his wife went to Methodist meeting, it was important he thought, that he should be away. He was a larger man than myself, and the hole through the building was rather small for him. But he got into it with his feet, and when he had passed as far as his shoulders he stuck fast. I finally kicked him through, and not thinking of the blanket, he fell twenty feet to the ground. It rained in torrents, was dark, and as I crawled out, my hat fell inside ; but I had no time to go back after it, and hanging on to the blanket, I lighted on the ground easily.

Bennett and myself went down to Starr's Plains, with a fragment of the blanket upon our heads, and stopped where there had been a quilting frolic. The storm prevented the visitors from returning to their homes, and as we went in, the company were about to retire as well as they could. Several young men were in this company, and after the first outburst of our wildness we were watched by them until they could report us at Danbury.

At about nine o'clock in the morning the jailer rode up to the door, and I was standing in the entrance. Said I, " good morning, Mr. Curtiss, has your wife got

breakfast ready? I was just coming down to get it." He replied, "I will let you know in a few minutes!" I answered "that is not the question I asked you." He then put shackles and handcuffs on me, tied me in the wagon, and drove down to the jail. I hallooed every rod of the way like an African lion. Curtiss was very wrathful because I had defeated his day's work of peddling meat, and swore he hoped he should never see me again, for I had been a source of no common trouble and vexation to him. We got to the jail door, and I declared I would not go in until they had given me something to drink. Adopting the wisest plan, they gave me a gill of brandy, and with more than fifty weight of iron upon me, I hobbled in to the lock-up. I lay in my shackles two or three nights, until I got ready to throw them off; and then I had another spell of the night-mare, and in the morning I was easy and quiet, my irons being heaped up in one corner of the room.

CHAPTER XV.

After long confinement, was discharged from Danbury jail without trial, by interference of lawyer Sherwood—Returning home, found J. Weller, (holding a mortgage on my house,) had prepared to grasp my property for a tithe of its value—Had maliciously annoyed my family—I finally revenged the wrong by sundry deceptions, bleeding him of more than his claim.

The County Court at that time tried all the criminals of an inferior grade, and that did not set until November. The Superior Court was now in session, and Sam'l B. Sherwood, Esq., the State's Attorney, a friend of mine, and a very prominent lawyer, called upon me and gave me an invitation to accept of a discharge from prison. I became my own surety, and gave my note of three hundred dollars, passed out into the bar-room of the jail, shook hands with Curtiss, drank with him and thanked him for his kindness and humanity towards me while in his care, made him a low bow and walked to Bridgewater, and found my family well. I went to work for a little season, but my companions, who had stood aloof from me during my incarceration, all gathered about me and I received them coldly.

During my imprisonment my family had many vexations and troubles.. A man in my neighborhood, morose, sullen and vindictive in his temper, had re-

solved to oppress, root out, and destroy my household. Nevertheless, he claimed to be more religious and devotional than ten thousand hypocrites. He bought up small notes against me, and while I was in confinement, harassed my wife with threats that he would have our place and turn her into the street. He even forbid her drawing water at our own well, because, as he said, the property would be his in a few days. But I was discharged from prison at least three years earlier than he expected. His name was Justus Weller, and I cannot forget him. His plan proved abortive, for I came upon him suddenly, like a thunder clap in a clear sky. I determined to circumvent him, even though it made me a bankrupt. He was rich and had a bad name, and I was poor, and almost an outcast in the community; yet I thought my cunning and sagacity a match for his wealth and dishonesty. The sequel shows how much he over-rated his efficiency.

He had an execution against me of sixty three dollars, issued while I was in jail. I bought me a horse, plump and active, and this man wished to trade with me. I offered to exchange for twelve dollars, and after much conversation I agreed to split the difference and endorse the six dollars on the execution, which was in the hands of the Sheriff. I invited him into my house, and as he loved rum I gave him a liberal treat, and this added to what he had already taken at home, proved sufficient for my purposes. He was sleepy and gapish, and I wrote a receipt to be endorsed upon the execution, and he signed it and went home. I then

took my pen and added *ty* to the six. I carried the receipt to the sheriff, and he placed the amount on Weller's claim. A fortnight afterwards the old man called on the officer and told him to levy on my farm. Why, Mr. Weller, said the officer, there is only three dollars due upon it. "Let me see it," says Weller. He looked it over, and called me a rascal, and wished to swear that it was a forgery; but the sheriff informed him that he could not swear money into his own pocket.

A few days after this I met him on the road, and he charged me with fraud, but I told him it was all right and just, and he had better be silent to avoid future trouble. I calculated to reward the man according to his deserts. I afterwards met him alone, and we talked over the matter, and I told him that we would make it right. He was easily flattered when there was money at stake. A month or so subsequent to the above transaction I met Weller, and he wanted to borrow some money to pay his taxes, and I promised if he would call in the evening I would furnish him. I went to the store and stayed late in the evening, well knowing that he would wait one half the night for my return. I tarried late so that my wife's company might retire before I arrived.

On returning home, found Weller lying upon a chair with a pillar under his head, and his feet to the fire. As I came in he rose up and said, "Have you got any money?" I remarked, a plenty of it. Weller and I drank twice, and entered into conversation for some time, and then I wrote a note of nine dollars, and

Weller signed it, and went his way. When he was gone I took my pen and added *ty* to the nine, and put it in my desk. In a week I sold the note to Daniel Burr, residing in an adjoining neighborhood, took two cows and the balance in money, and drove my stock home. A month after Burr called on Weller, and wanted his pay. "Come in then, and get it." Weller counted out nine dollars, and Burr told him that the note was ninety. "Damn Stuart," said he, "the villain has cheated me again." I wish he was in the state prison, and I will have him there yet. But as the note appeared a fair one, there was no alternative but payment. As Shylock said, "It will feed my revenge."

Weller's farm and mine were contiguous, and his cattle were constantly trespassing. I had cut over four acres of wood the year before, and burnt it into coal. I now trimmed up the brush, plowed and sowed it with rye, and it grew finely. Late in the fall, when the ground was soft, his sheep got in and trod it into the ground. It partially recovered, but about the last of March one hundred of his sheep entered the field and ate up ever spire, and spoilt it totally. I told him he ought to make me some compensation. "Damn you," he replied, "if you want law, I will keep you in it as long as I live." I said to him, "you will get your pay, for I love to pay such debts, and I am not even with you on the old score." But when we next met I flattered him sweetly, and prepared for another bite. One of my daughters had a string of gold beads, and I had some of brass which cost twenty-five cents a string, and they were well burnished with chalk.—

I sold them to Weller for his youngest daughter for eleven dollars. She wore them a week, and they became black and worthless. Here I fetched him up again, but he never opened his mouth to me on the subject.

Weller had a pen of fine pigs, and one morning I sent a man to tell him that in a spree I had sold my hog, that my wife was crying about it, and I wanted one of his for five dollars. "Tell him he can have one," said he. I went and bought a hog, and gave him a bill on a broken bank for payment; drove it half a mile and sold it for six dollars. Weller made great complaint about this bill. I told him that I would let him have a crane to settle the matter. I had two fixtures of this sort in my fire places, one very large and strong, and the other small, for a tea-kettle. I sold the large one to a neighbor and delivered it to him, and took out the little one, and told my wife to let Weller have that. The old man called for it in my absence, and when my wife pointed it out to him he swore as bad as I could in my worst swearing days.

He was a strange man, and though ever so indignant, a few smooth sentences, accompanied with kind promises of payment, tranquillized his mind, and all the wild and brutish malevolence with which he abounded, seemed to pass away. When he found I had cheated him, he would call me a rascal, and declare that he would never thereafter have any thing to do with me; but when his temper became cool I could lead him into another trap with the bait of money, when he was certain to get caught.

While I was in jail, this man had annoyed my family with petty lawsuits, and revenge was sweet to my depraved nature. For sometime Weller avoided me, but by flattery and a prospect of realizing money from me, I again continued to deal with him. I was destitute of a cow, and my family needed one. I bought a good one of him for twenty dollars, paid him five dollars, and then went off upon a new circuit in my business.

When I returned from a ten days excursion, I learned that Weller had driven the cow back to his farm. He had engaged to take the fifteen dollars due for the cow, in charcoal, at a coal pit on my farm, but had changed his mind. I was vexed, and in the night took the beast from his pasture and drove it twenty miles to Ridgefield, and there exchanged it for a beef creature, and drove that on to Bedford, and was butchering it when he came on in pursuit. He openly charged me with stealing. I told him he had better be careful what he said, if he wished to escape from a suit of slander, and this alarmed him. He went and consulted the lawyers and roved about two days, but soon ascertained that the cow was lawfully mine, and his temper cooled down, and then we settled the difficulty. As he had spent all his money, I lent him five dollars to pay his expenses home.

CHAPTER XVI.

Went to Canada, and on return hid a quantity of good money, together with some counterfeit, in a ledge of rocks—Wood chopper found and bought a farm with it in Roxbury—Went to Saratoga County, N. Y., and operated for some time—Arrested and taken to jail—Broke out, went to N. York, and enlisted under Capt. Taylor, (since President T.) to fight western Indians—Became a recruiting serjeant—Arranged with soldiers to run away, so that I could arrest them, get the offered reward, and divide the money—Went with Jack Chase, a soldier, to play at a faro table—Jack snatched the pile (about \$1000,) as agreed, and escaped with it, and also took good care to escape dividing with me—Stole liquor from a Military store-keeper—Would have been punished, had I not deceived Capt. Taylor.

In a few days Jo. Mills came to me for funds. I had only three hundred dollars on hand, and Mills was anxious that I should go with him, but I had no horse now. I went to Weller to hire one, but found him in a surly mood, and indisposed to accommodate me. He says, "Stuart you are a damned rascal, and if you will not leave me \$65, the value of the animal, you shall not have it." I counted out the notes, all counterfeit, took his horse and rode off upon a scout with Mills. When I took the horse back, I demanded the money I had deposited with him. He had already

paid out a debt in Litchfield with it, and very reluctantly he gave me his note. Thus he aided me in scattering funds among the people. This little affair, I called an extra good job.

I was now out of cash of the right sort, but one of our hands was on the Canada frontier recruiting our stock. When he returned I took twelve hundred dollars as my part, hid it in my saddle, and went on to Tolland County; spent a week in active business, and brought back \$700 in good funds. I never kept counterfeit money in my house lest trouble might overtake my family, and this time when I returned I put \$700 of bad, and \$700 of good money in a jug, and hid it in a ledge of rocks on the north side of Bull meadow, in Roxbury. In a week I went to get it, but a man had been chopping wood there, and it was gone. Two or three months after, he bought a nice snug farm in the valley of that town, and paid the cash for the purchase. His neighbors wondered where he got so much money, but he kept his own secret. Years afterwards I told him of my loss, and asked him for some recompense, but he denied me. I told him that justice though delayed, would come upon him, and then he would find me rejoicing; and sure enough, the great freshet of Nov. 1853 carried off his fences, covered his farm with gravel, and damaged it to a greater amount than all the money found in my jug. I saw him after the storm was over, and informed him that I was pleased with the appearance of his farm, and that his punishment though coming from an unexpected source, was all right, and that I

rejoiced that Providence was willing to reward him as he deserved.

For a whole year, though sometimes industrious, diligent and economical for a month, I occasionally followed my old pursuits, but it required more caution and prudence than hitherto. Counterfeit money nicely executed was common as frost in March, and the men of business in all quarters were upon their guard lest they should receive it. Rewards were offered for the detection of rogues, but hitherto none had been caught and punished.

Towards the last of this year, I went into Saratoga County, N. Y., rode a good horse, and roved about the country and speculated out of the people. I became suspected of mischievous propensities, and yet no one knew or conjectured that I was a counterfeiter. One day, having rather overdrank at the hotel, and being more than ever before off my watch, I increased the suspicions of the customers of my landlord, and I was arrested and taken to jail. I had a choice horse, saddle and bridle in the stable, and here I was shut up in a stone prison. My determination was made up to break out and escape. I could not however get my horse without detection, and I abandoned this project. The jail was strong and massive, and when a prisoner was locked within it, the jailer felt no apprehension of further trouble. I examined my room, and concentrated my operations on the grates of one window, broke them off, and left the keeper to look for me on the next day after breakfast. I got my morning meal at 9½ o'clock, and as I

broke out of the rear of the building, I supposed they would not miss me until too late to make a recapture. I got out about twelve o'clock at night, and shaped my course for Albany, where I arrived before sunrise. As I drew near the dock, I saw a sloop just shoving off, and jumped on board as a passenger to New York. The wind soon springing up, we passed down the river nicely, though occasionally obstructed with the ice.

It was now towards the last of March, and as navigation was beginning to be resumed, I felt that a lodgment in the city might be unsafe, and on my arrival I went to Ellis' Island and enlisted under Capt. Taylor, late President of the United States, to go up the Yellow Stone river to fight the Indians. Now I was anchored, but as I understood the martial exercise most thoroughly, I soon received the appointment of serjeant, and my chief duty was to drill the men and make soldiers of them as fast as possible.

Now I had in prospect pursuits of a character totally different from counterfeiting, and as I spent money lavishly, I agitated several plans before my mind was firmly settled upon any one. The war-regimen is strict, and soldiers are verily burthened with the most servile vassalage. Negro slavery, compared with it, is a garden of roses in near proximity to Paradise, Obedience to orders is rigidly required of him, and he must obey without reluctance or hesitation, every command of his officers, or be punished with brutal severity. The preservation of a soldier's life is of no

account. If he live, he must do his duty, and if he be killed he is forgotten in an hour. This is ever the case in the army.

Though Capt. Taylor was one of the best men that ever lived, his system of discipline was firm and unwavering. He would sometimes forgive the errors and imprudencies of his men when away from their posts of duty, but any blunder in exercise, or any want of watchfulness while on guard, was a crime scarcely to be forgiven. I was however pleased with him, and performed all my duties to his perfect satisfaction. I possessed a fearlessness that he saw and appreciated, and hence I soon acquired an honorable post among his men, and was regarded by him as every way competent, and desirous of carrying out his orders.

But I had not done with mischief. While upon this Island I was daily engaged in recruiting men for the service, and succeeded wonderfully. I enlisted many men, and as soon as I could learn their natures and habits, I let them one at a time into my plans. A man named Jack Chase entered these schemes with ardor. I told Jack that when we went to the city to get our rations, he must desert and go to the Navy Yard and enter the Navy. He did so. A few days after, I reported his absence to Capt. Taylor, and he offered thirty dollars reward for his apprehension. In a few days I went to the Navy recruiting agent, and enquired if he had enlisted Jack Chase. "No! no!" said he. I replied, "I shall not take your word, I shall go and look for myself." I went to the Navy Yard and

saw Jack ascending the side of a ship with a plank in his arms, and spoke to him. "Ah," says Jack, "by the holy mouse; you have got me again." The Capt. of the yard ordered me off, saying, "what business have you to hinder my men; be off!" Said I, "you have one of my men here, and I showed Capt. Taylor's advertisement offering a reward for his arrest, and then Jack and I jumped into the boat, and went over to New York city, and took a coach and drove down to the dock. Here the Navy agent spied us, and demanded of Jack the return of the \$30 bounty he had paid him. "By the holy mouse," said Jack, "I shall do no such thing, for you have cheated me out of more than this."

We now passed over to our rendezvous on Ellis' Island. I told Taylor of my good fortune in securing a deserter, and he gave me thirty dollars, the reward offered. We divided the sixty dollars between us, and with our flasks of brandy we lived like heroes. When our friends were getting short, I persuaded one Odell to run away and stay at a dance house in James street until I should come after him. I got an advertisement in a few days from Taylor, and went in search of him, and found him as agreed. He returned with me and I got thirty dollars reward. Taylor told them to be quiet and good men, and never desert again, and he would not report them to his superiors, and they promised him to be faithful thereafter. This game I followed up almost every week, and was thus furnished with money.

I had made up my mind that I should never go

upon an Indian hunt, for I always hated the sight of an Indian, and besides I had been too long associated with men to be content to leave the civilized world, and take up my abode among squaws, papposes, or any of their race. I resolved that I would not go.

The men were enlisted for the army by me in the city, and oftentimes they would run away in half an hour, but after the time of enlistment they were entitled to rations from the Commissary's store. These claims for rations were constantly accumulating, and in due time I sold nine hundred to the commissary at six dollars per hundred, and he paid me the cash. Now I was again supplied. But as I lived, it required a mint of money to get along thrivingly. Tom Bell, one of our recruits, was an active, athletic man, and a full match for almost any body. We often went to a house where was kept a wheel of fortune. I had lost a little money there, and wanted my pay back. I told Tom that we would go to the house and try the wheel, and when there was a good pile of money on the board, that one of us should grasp it, catch a chair in each hand, and leave one chair at the head of the stairs, and another at the landing, half way down, run into the street and be off in a moment. I turned up a cent with him and the luck fell on Tom. By and by, while nearly a thousand dollars of Bank Notes lay on the table in a pile, Tom seized it, clutched the chairs, and left them in the stairway as we had contrived, and fled like a fox. The gamblers rose from the table and pursued after him, the foremost man tumbling over the first chair, then over the second with

his comrades upon his back, all kicking and floundering topsy turvy down the stairway. In the meantime Tom escaped and was out of sight. But he cheated me. I never saw him again, and I always said that Tom's conduct towards me, fully proved to my mind that he was a rogue. Tom had agreed to meet me in a certain spot when the money should be divided, but the treacherous villain never came. I contrived the scheme, and he executed it with adroitness and skill, but left me in the lurch. It is almost the first successful cheat that I was unable to repay.

We loved rum, but our rations were only a gill a day; too little to satisfy a craving thirst. On the east side of the Island, Mr. Tracy kept a liquor and clothing store, specially for the army. One night I went with a sullen and inflexible Dutchman, a fellow soldier, in a boat around the Island to this store to get some rum. When we got there it was high tide, and the store stood partly over the water. We broke open the shutter, got into the store and filled a couple of two gallon jugs with the precious stuff, and returned to our quarters, dug a hole in the ground and buried it.

I had recently enlisted a poor fellow when he was half drunk; when he became sober he groaned and cried about his wife and children, and out of sympathy or deviltry, I called him in and treated him, to cheer his spirits and "drive dull care away." It had become noised about that a burglary had been committed, and liquor stolen, and this chap, to induce the officers to discharge him, said I gave him a drink from

a full bottle. The news came to my ears toward evening, and after dark, at low tide, I waded out in the stream, and hid my jug in the water, tied down with a stone. In the morning early, I invited my traitor into my room, put three teaspoons' full of white vitriol in a tumbler, and poured on nearly a gill of rum, and he drank it, and passed out. In half an hour Taylor came up to me, and regretted that I had resorted to such a scheme to supply myself, and said that I must be punished. I denied the whole story, but said he, "John says you gave it to him." "There," said I, "look yonder; there is the poor curse vomiting now, and very thoroughly drunk. Where did he get it? He is the thief, I'll warrant you." We went up to him, and he was so sick that he could not speak one word, and his countenance was pale and ghastly.

Taylor saw it all, and was glad to learn that the slanders that this fellow had charged to me were groundless. Thus the matter ended.

CHAPTER XVII.

Resolved not to go Indian hunting—With two or three other soldiers intending to desert, took boat in the night, went over and entered Tracy's furnishing store, filled the boat with blankets, pants, vests, coats and shoes—Landed on Jersey shore—Said we were from Philadelphia—Sold goods cheap—Next night landed our goods on the east bank of the Hudson, 10 miles north of the city—Proceeded east with our packs—Lay quiet in the woods daily, and in two or three nights reached Weston, Ct.—Sent my comrades towards Boston—Reward offered for us as deserters and thieves—I fled to Lenox, Mass. for a few days—Resolved to go to sea—Went to New-York, and Taylor and his troops having sailed for the Mississippi, I felt more secure—Shipped as a hand on board a vessel bound to Savannah, and from thence for Europe—Not liking the captain, deserted at Savannah in the night.

I saw that I could not keep up my contrivances much longer safely, and soon concocted a scheme to desert, as this portion of the army were about to sail for the Mississippi and up the Yellow Stone to head quarters. It was contrary to orders to buy liquor, as we had a gill a day. But this small quantity was insufficient for most of us. We were watched carefully. I frequently took a gallon jug to go for milk. Into this jug, I introduced the bladder of an ox, and

filled it with rum, then tied a string about the neck of the bladder and crowded it into the jug, and then filled it up to the nozzle with milk. My jug was inspected, found to contain milk alone, and I passed on. When I got to my room, I poured off the milk, untied the bladder, emptied the liquor into bottles, and was thus well supplied. The same plan was adopted by many of our men, and though some were drunk every day, the contrivance never became known to the officers.

Being dissatisfied with the abridgement of my liberty, I determined to abandon the life of a soldier at the first favorable opportunity. I had lavishly spent the money of government, and paid the bounties in counterfeit notes, pilfered their store-houses, and lived upon luxuries obtained by stratagem and fraud, so that my connection with the army was a losing speculation to the service. I concluded to discharge myself. I communicated my intentions to five of my associates, and on that very night we stole a ship's yawl and were determined to desert. The oars were stored over the heads of our officers, and could not be obtained without detection. We provided ourselves with slips of boards and poles, entered the boat, and shoved off into the stream, passed round the island to Tracey's store-house, broke down a shutter and crept in through the window. We now partially filled our boat with large woolen blankets, white woolen pants, vests and coats, together with over one hundred pair of shoes and gaiters. Thus loaded we shoved out into the stream. The tide was rapidly ebbing, and we

worked up stream with our paddles like beavers, so that we could land on the Jersey shore, below Hoboken. We just escaped being driven ashore on Governor's Island, and by nearing the Jersey shore, out of the force of the current, made our contemplated landing.

Here we took our plundered wealth out of the boat, tied it up in blankets, and went out into the woods near Spuyten Devil Creek, and spent the day. Here we found a man that was acquainted with Jack Chase; told him that we were from Philadelphia, that we had been discharged from a man-of-war, and had bought our packages, so that we could peddle on our way. This story quieted this man and the people, and we sold considerable of our stock in trade for ready money.

When night came on, we got a boatman to row us across the Hudson about ten miles north of the city, and we loaded our packs on our backs and journeyed northerly until day-break, when we again took shelter in the woods. It was now the summer of 18—, and we were rather cautious lest we should get arrested, and then suffer all the punishment of deserters. Advertisements were issued for our recapture, and as I was an officer, three hundred dollars reward was offered to any man who would take me back to the encampment. But there were six of us, and any six men must have been possessed of superhuman power to have been successful in an attack upon us. Our plans of defense were all devised, and as we partially understood the theory and practice of fighting, a small

company of insurgents would have had full employ in accomplishing our arrest.

By lying quiet during most of the day, and traveling nights in the rear of the great thoroughfares, we arrived at Wilton, Conn., at Jo. Mills' place, in about three days. Here we stayed one day, and as the public were informed of our desertion, and the offer of rewards for our capture, we considered it safer to gain the back country, and so traveled by night to Bridgewater, where my wife and family lived. Even here, in the day time, we lay concealed in the woods and underneath the rocky cliffs. But I sent my men on to Boston, and now had only myself to see to or provide for. The people were upon the look-out for me, and each day's inquiry was, "Where is Stuart?"

Being in such troubled waters near home, I went up to Lenox, Mass., and tarried in that town for several weeks. The intelligence of my enlistment and desertion had not reached this village, and the movements of the community were steady and quiet, and my peace was undisturbed. But I was uneasy. I had lived so long in commotion that tranquillity was unendurable. I longed to be roving over the country, imposing upon the credulity of the people and felt, as did Paul when persecuting the Christians.

Strange as it may seem, such was my inquietude in a portion of my life, subject to no evil, fearing no misfortune, and fully provided for, that I resolved, whatever might be the result, to abandon my repose and enter again into a theatre fitted to my peculiar temperament.

If I learnt wisdom by my experience, I did not acquire sufficient to make me a regular and steady man. My mind was bent on roguery, and all my thoughts and conceptions were concentrated on this one subject: all else I shunned—every other pursuit I loathed. I deliberated upon what, under my circumstances, I ought to do. I returned to my family in the night, and thus evaded the vigilance of my enemies; and yet I was discontented. I pondered deeply upon my condition. If abroad, I was hunted like a beast of prey, no man caring for my presence, and none desiring my friendship. I determined to go to sea and thus elude my persecutors, and smother dislike to me by absence for years. I left home in the night season for New York city. Taylor and his men had embarked upon their Indian enterprises; my desertion, and other incidents in which I had played an important part, were nearly forgotten. I felt that it was essential to my comfort to leave the country for a long time, and I therefore entered on board the ship *Trunion*, Eels owner and captain, bound to Savannah, thence to France, laden with cotton, thence up the Mediterranean, and on a five years' voyage over the world.

It is the usage of seamen to lay in a few luxuries for themselves, called small stores, so as not in cases of emergency or privation, to depend upon the despotism of a ship-master. Capt. Eels told us that he would furnish us with these things, and the crew took his word for it. We left New-York very cheerfully, but before two days had passed, we began to get ac-

quain;ed with our skipper. He loved liquor, and he fairly swam in it. He tyrannized over the men in a merciless manner, and was perpetually cross and surly.

In a few days we approached Savannah; toward morning the Tybee light gleamed over the wide expanse of waters, and the mate urged our captain to put out a signal for a pilot. He declined and said he would wait till morning; but during the night a gale sprung up and drifted us out into the gulf stream, broke down one of our masts, and left us in a bad plight. After four days and nights of incessant toil, we regained the outer harbor of Savannah, and by the aid of a pilot, passed over the bar and anchored in five fathoms water. Most of the crew had not been to sea recently, and our hands became sore and raw, and under the drunken cruelty of our master, our tempers had begun to burn with revenge or desertion.

At evening the ship reached the dock and made fast, and I rowed our skipper to another ship, with whose captain he was acquainted. I commenced a conversation with the sailors, but in the midst of it this acquaintance of our captain advised him to look out for his crew. "Never fear me," said he, "I will put my hands in jail until I am ready for sea, and then none of them can get away." I heard it. Soon our captain's business was closed, and I rowed him back to his ship. Shortly after Capt. Eels came out of his cabin with a very large bottle of spirits, and speaks up cheerfully, "Come boys, take something

for your comfort ; you have had a hard time of it, but things now shall go easy with you." We all drank, the captain returned to his cabin and went to sleep, calculating in the morning to take such care of his crew as he deemed best. When all became quiet on board the men were disposed to turn in and get some rest, but I told them what I heard our captain say, and as there was a chance for liberty now, we had better improve it. They were sleepy, having had no rest for four days and nights, yet I was awake and thought they had better secure themselves when they could. They yawned and wanted to sleep a couple of hours, so I left them, walked away from the dock and passed a mile up the stream, resolved that Eels had seen me for the last time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Soon after my desertion from vessel at Savannah, reached Coosahatchie river, and stopped at a tavern kept by an intelligent widow—She was smart for business—Made known to her my course of life—She wanted a lot of counterfeit money, and furnished Savannah and Augusta bank notes for the engravers to imitate—After three months I left her for Canada—Reaching home, united myself with E. Bennett, (one of the boys,) and we started on foot for Canada—I procured \$40,000 in counterfeits, and returned home—Had business in Putnam Co., N. Y. to attend to before going South—On my way there inadvertently passed a \$5 counterfeit bill in Ridgefield—Was pursued, arrested, examined, and sent to Danbury jail, and about four weeks afterwards was removed to Fairfield for trial, and sentenced to Newgate Prison—Before trial lawyers, wealthy gentlemen, &c., came to prison, offering to save me from Newgate if I would expose the gang.

I hired a black man to put me across the river, and I entered the forests, which in those days covered almost the whole country. The weather was warm, and I took a nap upon the leaves. When day-light appeared I bent my course to the N. E., and before night arrived at Coosahatchie, a village on the river of the same name. A widow woman kept tavern in the place, and I stopped for refreshments

and rest. A neighbor of her's soon came into the bar-room and wanted to borrow money of her, but she declined to lend him. This man became furious because of her denial, and abused the woman in the vilest terms. I saw that she was becoming afraid of him, so I told him that I should not take part in the quarrel, nevertheless I should not sit by any longer and permit him to revile her. He looked at me with disdain and contempt, and commenced his tirade upon me, and I took him by the collar and put him into the street, then went back and closed the door. The woman thanked me for the service I had rendered her, and offered to keep me as long as I would stay, without charge. Having had a hard time on board of our ship, I gratefully accepted her offer, and tarried with her, as Paul said, "for the space of many days."

She was blessed by nature with genius adequate to any emergency, and her features were unrivalled by the choicest specimens of statuary; her tresses, black as the raven's wing, descended gracefully from her head; her eyes were black and lustrous as an houri's; her face seemed wrought with exquisite beauty; and her form was chaste and finely modeled. Her age about thirty, with all the charms of eighteen years, while a little daughter, fatherless, looked to her for support and protection. When I became more acquainted with her, I found that she, like myself, was hardened by fraud, dishonesty and corruption.

She kept her house open during the greatest part of every night, and when the outer world was clothed in darkness, the slaves from the neighboring planta-

tions brought her corn, fowls and pigs, and articles of merchandise, for which she scantily paid them in gewgaws and whisky. She was ripe for almost every enterprise, and was willing to engage in any object that promised a golden reward. As our acquaintance became more thorough, I oftentimes recapitulated my pursuits, told her the stories of my life and the escapes that fortune had cast in my way, and the stratagems to which I had had recourse in my eventful history. I gave her an outline of my counterfeiting process, and she entered into my plan with her whole heart. She gave me access to all her business, and reposed confidence in my ability to do all things well. She denied me nothing, but was eager to anticipate my wishes for the pleasure of obliging me. When the subject of counterfeit money was discussed, her anxiety to procure it banished almost every other thought from her mind, and she was willing to part with me for a season on no other terms than that I should obtain a large amount of funds, subject to her disposal. After staying at her house for three months, I agreed to go north, visit my friends, proceed to the Canadian mint, gather some thousands, and return. She procured me genuine notes of the Savannah and Augusta banks as specimens for the engravers, and all things were in readiness for my absence during a month. I need not dwell on the parting scene, though destined to be brief. It was accompanied with tearful eyes and throbbing heart.

I took my course for Charleston, and when in that city got a passage to New-York, on my way to Con-

necticut. At home I passed a few days, looked over my farm, called upon old associates, and laid plans for the future. I kept all my own special secrets. I never was guided by plans as advised in our conclaves, but adopted expedients as the time and circumstances indicated at the period of their occurrence.

Eliphalet Bennett and I started on foot for Canada together. He was a great genius in the way of wickedness, and the most heartless and graceless villain that I ever knew. His parents took great care in his having a thorough education. He passed through college and received its literary honors, engaged in the study of the law under the tuition of an able counsellor, and for a time promised to be an honor to his family and his profession: But he was a deeply wicked man, unmoved by affection or kindness, and though married early to an amiable lady, the connexion was only productive of misery. He set fire to his house because his wife, contrary to his will, attended Methodist meetings, and was arrested and put in jail, but his wealth and friends saved him from punishment. He drank deeply, and seemed to delight in crimes of the greatest magnitude and of the most horrid depravity.

This man went with me after funds. When we got into the bounds of Vermont he frequently preached to the Methodist brethren, and usually closed his services in appeals to their liberality. He stated to his audiences that while away upon his circuit, his house and all that it contained, was burnt, and that he was on his way to a rich brother in Canada for

id, and that the smallest sums that they could spare would avail him much. We collected money for him, and he borrowed an over-coat of one, and many garments of others, promising to return them when he came back. Thus we worked our way to Canada.

I left Bennett on the frontiers and* went to my old friends, produced my specimen notes, and in a fortnight returned home with \$40,000 in my belt. In latter days I had learned to take the by-paths, to save trouble and hindrance; said but little, and avoided respectable public houses. This purchase had exhausted all my means, and my family was poor, unless made a saving in disposing of my counterfeit funds.

I now stowed my money in my favorite hiding places near home, and stayed a few weeks to prepare my household to live through the winter, while I was away in Georgia. My intentions were kept by me in perfect secrecy. No man was able to divine my purposes or even conjecture concerning them.

After a few weeks it was necessary that I should go to Cross River, in Putnam County, N. Y., to transact some business, and on my way went through Ridgefield, and having lost my handkerchief, I stepped into the store of Abner Gilbert and bought one for one dollar, and by accident let his clerk have a bad five dollar note. I passed on eight or nine miles, stopped at a tavern at evening, and it was reported that a man dressed in short clothes had passed it. I tarried a little while, then left the house and went across the fields into a barn. This was empty and no place to rest. I now went out and gazed over the country,

and spied a light in a house upon an eminence, and drew near to it, asked admittance and was received to their fireside. Soon I went to bed and was getting sleepy, when several men entered and inquired for me. As these men entered my room I roused from my slumbers and was about to jump through the window, but they seized me and I became quiet. While they were about the room I slipped 2 five dollar notes under the bed-post, and have not learnt up to this day that they were ever found. They escorted me to Ridgefield the same night and put keepers over me, and I passed the night with my hands tied behind me. Next morning I offered Gilbert one hundred dollars to let me go, and his wife begged of him with tears in her eyes, but he was determined that my career should be checked.

Next day came on my trial, and I was sent to Danbury jail until the session of the court. I told the jailer that I had got home again, and he gave me some rum and I went into my room. My prospects were fair for Newgate, but I cared very little about it. I was aware of the looseness of the watch that was held over me. Six or eight times a day Mr. Crofut, the jailer, with the still and stealthy step of a cat, would approach the grief-hole and peak at me. He did not intend that I should see him; but nothing escaped my vision, and though my face was frequently averted while he was casting suspicious glances at me, yet he never caught me unawares in any of my movements. I did not try to disturb his peace as I did that of his predecessor. I was pacific as a spaniel,

and was thus throwing a mist before his eyes for future purposes.

It was in the last of November, 1817, if I rightly recollect, when I re-entered this den of sinners. I now had full leisure to take a retrospect of my previous life, and upon a rigid examination, after casting aside all my prejudices, was disposed to give a verdict against myself. Others had done wrong, violated the law, trampled upon justice, and outraged the good sense of the community, and were still abroad, verily leeches upon the country. In an evil hour I had been snatched up, and was compelled to look through grated windows and hear the rattling bolts of iron doors, while others were still bleeding the people at every pore. I comforted myself with the reflection that their turn, even if delayed, would eventually come.

But here I was, with irons about my ancles and wrists, that my keepers had unceremoniously brought into my presence unasked, introduced me to them, and compelled me to accept them as my present associates. Though I scorned them, for the sake of politeness and courtesy, I informally received them to my embraces and shook hands with them, not cordially, but because there was a necessity in the case. I thought of my contract with the Georgia widow, but was in no condition now to return to her hospitable home and carry out our intentions. I did not so much as write her a letter, informing her of the disabilities under which I labored, nor to inform her that I had used due diligence to augment her interests in pecuniary matters. In all these things I was silent.

My stay in Danbury jail was about four weeks, and the evening before I was removed the jailer came in and searched me. I had all my implements for jail breaking about my person, and gave them all up to him and abandoned the project. Next day I was waited upon by the sheriff to Fairfield. I was as cheerful as if I was going to a dance or quilting frolic. They put me in the prison, infested as it ever had been in summer with bugs, fleas, and lice. It was now cold weather, and they did not annoy me. A short time thereafter my trial came on, and as the testimony against me was positive, the jury brought me in guilty. One of the witnesses swore falsely against me, but there was truth enough to convict a saint in the testimony of the others. I was sentenced to five years' hard labor in the state prison.

After the judge had sentenced me, I rose and asked his honor this question: "Suppose, sir," said I, "I die before my five years expire, shall I have to provide a substitute to serve out the remainder of my term? I hate to cheat the state; will you please to inform me in these matters, for I am ignorant of the law?" The judge smiled, and told me that in case of death these things would not be required of me. I felt better after the sentence of the court, convinced that justice would be subserved by my punishment.

While I lay in Danbury jail, the judges of the court, the lawyers, the state's attorney, and many wealthy gentlemen engaged in mercantile pursuits, called on me and urged me to reveal to them the names of my associates, assuring me that I should leave the jail in

a month and enjoy my liberty. My doctrine ever had been, and now is, if a person enters a secret society, no matter what its objects may be, and solemnly swears to keep secret all its operations and movements, none but those who are ready for perjury will be guilty of treachery. I told these men that I was my own counterfeiter, and that no man was acquainted with my operations. They knew I lied, and I knew it ; but before I would entrap others to secure myself, I would be hanged on the nearest tree. I always inculcated a spirit of honor and integrity among our members, and if one of us should fall a victim to violated law, his mouth should be hermetically sealed in reference to his associates. I could keep a secret without effort, because it was pleasing to me to do so. The public are not benefited by the confessions of a rascal, and his oath is worthless who accuses others to screen himself. Such men are obnoxious to the people, and whenever in after life they become witnesses in court, they are regarded by those who know them with scorn and contempt.

CHAPTER XIX.

Starting for Newgate Prison—Severity of the Sheriff toward a prisoner in irons—Reflections on Despotism—Thankful to find a resting place in Prison—Did not relish the interior of new home—Vermin uncomfortable companions—Hard working in iron fetters—Dissatisfied with Capt. Tuller's bed and board in prison—Manufactured pewter coin in prison, and purchased luxuries with it—Closely questioned by Capt Tuller—Origin of Newgate Prison, (formerly a copper mine,) and partial description of it—Very healthy retreat—Convicts less shrewd and talented than I expected—Trifled with a wo-begone new comer, on the first night of his lodging with us in the lower regions, telling him my time was out next day, and hired out to him as a substitute—When he offered me next morning, Capt. T. laughed at the joke—Capt. T. loved fun, and hired me to kiss a squaw who came to visit the prison.

I was about to be transported to Newgate for five years, and I was rather pleased with the idea. I knew that I had long deserved it, and resolved this should end my career of roguery. Gen. Foote, of Bridgeport, a deputy sheriff, took a sleigh to carry me to the mines in Simsbury. I was double ironed, handcuffs about my wrists, close and tight as the skin, a clasp about each ancle of the size of wagon tire, fast-

ened to an iron bar about eighteen inches in length. Besides this, a circular bar about my body, fastened by a lock in front, and on each side a chain was hanging from holes through this circular bar down to my feet, and its lower ends locked into staples in the bottom timber work of the vehicle.

Thus caparisoned, I was placed in the bottom of the sleigh, the general sitting on one side of me and the driver on the other, and I was thus confined between their feet. The general and his aid carried a demi-john of brandy, from which they drank often and treated me to all I could drink. Thus arrayed in irons, I was as helpless as an infant, yet the old general displayed all the courage of Knickerbocker's Swedish governor. In each hand he carried a double charged and cocked pistol, ready to shoot me if I should take the sleigh to which I was chained, together with the horses, and the loading all on my back, to run away. I laughed at this wondrous specimen of courage in a general who had rode triumphantly for five years at the head of his regiments, with every gun divested of cartridges and flints. In case our country should be invaded by an army of lilliputians, such men would acquire laurels which would redound to the honor and glory of our distinguished epauleted chieftains.

Perhaps he thought me a devil, and that his religious panoply was not sufficient to ward off the attacks of the evil one, and hence he required a little fire and brimstone in a concentrated shape to secure him from danger. But upon my passage he was as kind

and as benevolent as I could expect any man to be, who carried deadly instruments in his hands, and was ready in a twinkling to blow out the brains of a helpless criminal in chains. When the sleigh passed over the rough road my chains would rattle, and this veteran marshal would draw up his pistols near my head, and threaten to destroy me unless I sat still. "O tempora O mores."

The first night we stopped at New Haven jail, where I was thrown into a dungeon six by four. The jailer requested my military chieftain to abate the rigors of my chains. My hands were swollen from the closeness of my handcuffs, so that the iron rods were buried in the skin, and by the jolting of the sleigh the irons on my legs had worn off the skin. "No! no!" said the general, "if he should escape, he would murder us all, and burn up the jail before to-morrow morning."

This long night of misery and pain slowly wore away, and the morning came at last. The sleigh being in readiness, my doors were unlocked and I was commanded to come forth. I hobbled out and met my redoubtable military officer, partly back of the door, with a loaded pistol in each hand. I laughed at him, and called him a d—d coward, and a heartless unfeeling brute. I told the by-standers that I was not a pirate, had never murdered a fellow victim, that all I had done was to adopt a mode of living which pleased me, though not agreeable to many of the people, and that if justice were done, I should be entitled to a place at the head of the luxurious dinner

table, instead of being kept in awe by a cowardly military despot.

If a man possesses true courage, he will never unnecessarily oppress a prisoner. It is enough for him to render his enemy powerless. He will not triumph over a fallen and vanquished foe. He will not indulge himself in brutality and ferocity, and add to the poignancy of his prisoner's suffering, by low jeers and vulgar menaces.

Thank God, this day I arrived at Newgate, my handcuffs were filed off, my log chains were removed and the bands about my legs were unriveted, and once more I found myself partially able to move about, emancipated from my petty general. They washed my swollen and lacerated wrists and legs with spirits, and gave me a full share to drink.

It was night when we got to the prison, and I was introduced to my five years' residence. The rooms were only lighted with a small heavily grated window pane, overstocked with lice, fleas and bed bugs, and the floor five inches deep of slippery stinking filth. I exclaimed in the language of Milton, "Hail horrors ! and thou infernal hell, receive thy new possessor." There are facts in the world too terrible to be believed, and infinitely exceeding the most extravagant fiction ; and these facts are so gross and so abhorrent to the human mind, that they can obtain little credence from community. The poverty of language is such, that no description, however faithfully wrought, can ever approach the truth, and the reader is left to conjecture the revolting character of such a state of things.

One view only staggers our faculties, and we step backwards in amazement and horror. Loathsomeness and putridity, united with billions of entomological living specimens, shock the senses of a man uninured to filth, and he instinctively feels that in such cases nothing but fire can act successfully as a purifier and health preserver. He may rack his invention for a substitute, and unite Lyon's magnetic powder with chloride of lime and potash, and only witness their utter uselessness and inefficiency. Armies of fleas, lice and bed bugs nightly covered every inch of this polluted prison, and would skip, hop and crawl away, to avoid being trampled in the mire upon the floors, like the grasshoppers of a meadow in the month of August.

After a few days I submitted to my destiny, to be eaten up alive, as there was filth enough upon the floors to hide me from brutal man. I soon learned what was meant by the significant term of "New-gate," and thought if the souls of the wicked in the sulphureous abyss of unmingled woe, could leave those clouded abodes of misery, and cast a passing glance at this puritanic den of abominations, they would hastily flee for succor and relief to the dismal haunts they had just quitted.

When a week had transpired, and I had become rested, Capt. Tuller, the chief officer, came to me and wished to know what trade I would learn. I chose to be a cooper, but as each prisoner wore irons about his ancles, connected together by a chain about a foot in length, it was very inconvenient and embarrassing. I went to work at flour barrels, and in one month ac-

quired sufficient skill to make them readily. Our Capt. ordered us then to make more, but I told him I could not with fetters on. He said these could not prevent my working fast. Then said I, "Captain, fetter your horse and drive him to Hartford, and see if he can perform the journey as well or better." He saw the impropriety of his shameful demand, and freed us from our irons, and we did as much work as before, and much easier.

Our living was poor and scant, and we grew thin and lean under hard labor and insufficiency of diet, and were becoming unable even to stand up all day. We had a privilege of over work, and when my day's work was ended, I went to work at wooden bottles, and often had from eight to ten on hand for sale.

A man by the name of Beach kept a tavern elose by, and we bought rum and provisions for our extra jobs, so that the industrious prisoners were well supplied with luxuries. Our rations were $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of beef, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of bread, 2 lbs. of potatoes, and in summer when potatoes were gone, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. pork and a gill of beans.—Our beef and pork were far from good. Capt. Tuller would buy twenty or thirty head of eattle, and have them butchered as they were wanted. He took out the best pieees for himself, then the guard took theirs, and from the bony portions left we had our rations. We complained of the insufficiency of diet, showed our portions to the inspeetors, and they ordered us more food. To the industrious and saving, the times were better; beecause their over work supplied their wants, but the lazy, indolent and improvident, suffer-

ed great want, and some died of actual starvation. Capt. Tuller was bound to give to each prisoner a suit of clothes at stated periods, and a blanket on which to sleep. The State paid him in cash, and he dealt out or kept the blankets and sold them as he liked. The State gave him five hundred dollars yearly as keeper of the prison. When he received the appointment, he was five hundred dollars in debt and a bankrupt; but after occupying the place for six years he paid off his debts and had remaining \$12,000. This excess was obtained by cheating the prisoners out of their allowance, and charging it to the State, as if it had been used for the prisoners. Thus is iniquity punished, whilst other rascals are rewarded for fraud and theft.

Most of the prisoners were afraid of Capt. Tuller, and when he passed about the shops, they would take off their hats in blind servility; but I was never a worshiper of man, much less of a brute, though he were clad with epaulets, with a sword hanging to his side. Capt. T. and I had frequent controversies about provisions, excessive labor, and the menial services of the prison. It seemed a pleasure to him to annoy these poor fellows, and he would drive them about as a shepherd does his sheep. But I toed the mark with him, and fearlessly claimed my rights, my rations, and any thing that I ought to have. I have seen him thrash the men with his sword, because they begged for food to satisfy the cravings of hunger, but he never struck me, for fear of the consequences. I looked him in his eyes, was stern and resolute, and he respect-

ed me for it ; yet still he oftentimes threatened me with punishment, and then I jeered and laughed at him.

I was sent here as a counterfeiter, and I was frequently engaged in making soap, and as my coopers' trade furnished me with chalk to make the barrel hoops adhere to the staves, I cut out molds in two fragments of pine boards, filled them with finely levigated chalk, and then inserted a 25 cent piece in the chalk and squeezed my mold together ; then I took them apart, bought pewter buttons from the prisoners, melted them down, and run the metal in my molds. Thus I coined money and bought my small stores of Beah, the merchant. Before he was aware of the fraud, I had passed ten dollars upon him, all in my prison coined 25 cent pieces. Frequently, men from the towns about came to traffic with the prisoners, and I bought herring and other fish of one of them, and paid him in twenty-five cent pewter money, and he went out to the tavern to settle his bill. The money I paid him he handed to the landlord, who looked at the coins, and asked him, "Where did you get this?" He said, "of a prisoner." "Ah," said Beah, "they make it there, and I got ten dollars before I found it out." He came back to Capt. Tuller and told his story, and Capt. walked into the shops with him to show him the rogue. He soon pointed me out, and Tuller said, "Oh you devil, are you making counterfeit money here?" "No," said I. "Have you got more in your pockets?" "No sir." "Let me feel," and he put his hand in and took out three dollars untrimmed and just as they were moulded, and then handed them back to

me. "What do you make them for?" I replied, "I was sent here for counterfeiting, and I shall lose my skill unless I do a little at the business." "Stuart, I believe that you are the devil," and then turned to the visitor and said, "if you deal with these fellows, you must look out for yourself." Tüller said, "we shall have you back here!" I said, "won't you wait, Capt. Tuller, until I get out?"

I was often engaged in coopering. I made two whisky barrels a day, and Capt. T. was determined that I should make three. I objected, and said I could not. He offered to give us double rations, and a quart instead of a pint of cider daily. Some of our men wished to comply with his orders. I told them that after doing it a few days he would insist upon four, and if we did not do our stint he would cut us short in provisions. Some of them resolved to comply with the Captain's requirements, and made three barrels daily. In one week Tuller told them that unless they made four barrels a day he would shorten their allowance. When they were full fed they laughed at me, but now they felt the force of my suggestions, and regretted that they had been fooled into compliance. He reduced them to their former quantities of food and drink.

Awhile previous we had a fair prospect of escape, the facts of which I will attempt to detail. Perhaps it is impossible to describe this prison so that the reader can comprehend all its peculiarities. Before the revolutionary war a vast cavern was dug in the rocks of Simsbury, and a considerable quantity of

copper ore was extracted from the hopeful mine ; but on the commencement of the rupture between the mother country, the undertaking was abandoned, not only on account of the war, but because the mine was not deemed very rich in the metal. A presumption then and now prevails with miners and mineralogists, that the abundance and richness of ores is augmented by following the mines to a great depth. Governed by these views, after having sunk the shaft some forty or fifty feet into the rock, lateral excavations were made to follow out the metallic veins, (which doubtless underlie several acres,) and thus this mine became enlarged.

As a prison, this mine was first used during the revolutionary war, for the confinement of incorrigible Tories. During this period two of these geniuses from New-Haven, worked their way in the night season, from their dungeon through a very narrow fissure in the rocks into a deep well many feet distant, ascended to the surface, and escaped. When the war closed, and crimes were multiplied by the introduction of vagabonds from Europe, impregnable prisons became necessary to secure dangerous villains. The State took this mine, partially enclosed it with a stone wall and with prison buildings and occupied it as a place of confinement for criminals of the higher grades, and gave it the ignominious sobriquet of Newgate, in commemoration of the chief prison in the mother country.

Within this mine and upon a part of its rocky floor, buildings were erected as the sleeping apartments of its unhappy and criminal tenants. The entrance to

this excavation was an upright shaft or hole about four feet in diameter, and forty five feet in perpendicular depth. Thus the prisoners were daily accustomed to ascend and descend upon a ladder, and at the foot of it the area of the cavern became horizontally extensive. During the year at every hour of the day, the water from the super-incumbent earth and rock was constantly dripping upon the uneven rocky floor of the huts in this spacious internal cavity. During the whole year the temperature was uninfluenced by the chills of winter and the scorching heat of summer. When we chose, we slept here together, (especially in midsummer,) and were unguarded by the sentinels stationed on the surface.

This prison, notwithstanding its forbidding and God-forsaken character, had some redeeming features. It was a healthy place, and when the country around was smitten with pestilential fevers, malignant dysenteries, or miasmatic diseases, every prisoner continued healthy. If a new occupant was brought from a putrid and loathsome jail, infected with the itch, a fortnight's sleeping in this damp and cuperous atmosphere, cured it without any external application. It has been tritely said, that lice and fleas can exist in any place where it is possible for man to live, and our subterranean huts were overcharged with them as much as the prison houses above ground. But in this cavern there were no bed bugs, and we supposed the dampness of the place was unsuited to their nature. Lice and fleas "love darkness rather than light," like most of the rogues that prey upon the

people, but to bed bugs light has charms essential to their comfort, if not for their lives. They have eyes to see, and appetites to devour, and olfactories to track out, even in midnight darkness, their unhappy victims. Lice and fleas, though they can see, usually feel out their prey, and are chiefly guided by these faculties. These things I learnt in this school of crime, by observing their habits.

We chose these lower huts in the summer for sleeping because they were cool, and because, moreover, we could digest our plans unmolested. The loudest cry could not be heard upon the ground, as the upper surface of the shaft was closed by a trap door fastened from above. We would pick up tallow in the daytime and carry it down to give us light in the pitchy darkness that overspread the vast cavern. Some nights were spent in gambling, others in fiddling and dancing, others in arranging schemes to obtain our liberty, and others in devising plans to punish that world by whose arbitrament we were excluded from the enjoyment of life. — We had a mean, servile stock of prisoners—few well bred men, of comprehensive views, ever entering these retreats. I was disappointed in the character of my associates, for I had been led to expect that they were shrewd, sagacious and cunning. Instead of that character I have never met in my intercourse with mankind, such a number congregated together so void of the natural powers, capabilities, and instincts peculiar to our race. Most of them, under any circumstances were destined “to be hewers of wood and drawers of water” to others.

They seemed not to think or deliberate, in fact the majority possessed no more thinking powers than a calf in a clover field.

Oftentimes when immured for the night, some new comer would be found weeping and crying, and as melancholy as the picture of patience on a monument. We kept our grog below when we could stealthily carry it down, and we would treat such with spirits, strike up a tune on the fiddle and dance and carouse. At other times we would provoke them, telling them that they were served right, and that they ought to have been here long ago, for the world and all their connexions were rejoiced that justice finally triumphed over them.

One poor fellow was brought into the prison whose face appeared as wo-begone as if his mother had been a flax crackle and his father a horsefoot. He sobbed and cried aloud, and seemed in great agony. I told him that I loved to stay there, and that my time was out two years ago, but became a substitute for another man, and my time was out next morning, and if he would give me two hundred and fifty dollars I would stay his time out. The bargain was made, and we confirmed it by shaking hands. This new fact in prison life cheered him and he slept well, notwithstanding the fleas and lice. Early in the morning, as we emerged from our den, he went to Capt. Tuller, and told him that he had hired a substitute for \$250. "Who is it," says the Captain, "It is Bill Stuart." "O what a curse Stuart is, off to the shop man, or the guard will give you twenty lashes."

His head dropped, and all his expectations vanished in a moment.

Capt. Tuller had some good streaks about him. He loved sport and fun, and would sometimes set the prisoners in a frolic. On a certain day, an indian and his squaw came to view the prison and its occupants, and were sauntering about the prison yard. Tuller speaks to me thus: "Stuart, if you will kiss that squaw, I will give you a quart of rum." Tuller shut up the entire grate and stood outside to see the sport. I gave chase after the squaw, and she run like a fox, but I caught her, held her fast, and gave her a kiss. Her Indian husband looked as sullen and malicious as a hyena, but he could not help it.

CHAPTER XX.

Mulatto revealed our purposes of escape—Punished him into an oath of future secrecy—I begged money of visitors by pitiful complaints—Began to plan an escape—A prisoner's time expiring just then, he reported us, and the forewarned guard fired at our first peeping out at a hole—Our task increased—I refused to submit, and so advised others—I was transferred from the coopers' to nail shop—Resisted exactions of me there—Procured rum through one of the guard, and Capt. T. threatened for refusing to tell how I got liquor—After attempting an escape, prisoners not allowed to sleep below and devise other plans—Trouble brewing—I was confined in dungeon for obstinacy—Cogitations on tyranny

Our secret operations we expected to keep to ourselves, and if any contrivance could be made to restore us liberty, it was taken for granted that none of the prisoners would report our movements. But we had traitors even here. I was aware that one fellow a mulatto, was a reporter of our subterranean meetings, and a few of us were resolved to punish him. One evening three of us agreed to seize this fellow and cut off a portion of his tongue, to learn him better than to detail to the Captain our deliberations. Just after he entered his bunk we seized him, and he clinched his teeth firmly. I took a spike that I had

provided, and pried open his mouth and caught his tongue in my fingers. At this moment my spike dropped, and his teeth snapped together as if attacked with a paroxysm of hydrophobia, and he bit off my finger nail. I had my knife ready, and was about to operate according to the Russian fashion, but he begged, and promised that if we would spare his tongue he would be faithful and true, and never after report anything, even to a fellow prisoner. This cured him more permanently than quinine ever cured fever and ague. While I staid there, he never transgressed again.

Our prisoners were visited almost daily by gentlemen and ladies from the city and country, and we were often asked the cause which brought us to this doleful place. One day a couple drew near me and enquired the reasons of my confinement. I informed them, with a sober and hypocritical face, that "I sold a horse to a stranger, and he paid me in bank bills, and I soon passed them, after which they proved to be counterfeit, and as I knew nothing about money, I was arrested and sent here for five years. We have poor living and hard work, and if you could do me a favor by giving me a little money to get tobaeco with, and good bread, you would do me a great kindness." They each gave me fifty cents apiece, and I thanked them. Several others heard my pitiful story, and they contributed five dollars for my relief. Capt. Tuller stood a few steps back and heard my mournful tale. After the contribution was over, Tuller advanced and said to the visitors, "I will inform you that

he is the greatest rascal in the country. No counterfeiter in the land has defrauded as many as he has, and he is such a liar that there is no dependence on his word." The company passed away rather chagrined at their misplaced generosity.

Towards evening I went to our Captain and asked him if he would let me send and get a quart of spirits. "Ah," said he, "you begged the money to buy tobacco, and I knew you never used any." "Well Captain," said I, pleasantly, "I want some rum now." "A pint is enough," he replied. "No, no, Captain, you are a good man, and several of us want a little. Allow us a quart." "Well," said he, "send and get it." I could manage Tuller just as I pleased; let me lie to him, and call him a clever, kind, good hearted man, and he would show me every favor his position enabled him to grant. "You see, Captain, if trouble ever comes, I shall stand up boldly and fearlessly for you, and though I am a prisoner, my friendship may do you great good." I never saw a man that I could so easily flatter. The love of approbation must have been very large in his cranium, and I had cultivated it by odd jobs, until it was very prominent.

About this time I slept in the huts erected under ground. Many of the prisoners were sentenced there during life, and many of them fifteen or twenty years. I had looked about the hill on which our prison stood, and was satisfied that we could dig out in a few nights, and many of our men could never regain their liberty, only by escaping. I arranged the whole plan, and was ready to put it in operation. Upon one

side of our prison vault there was nothing but pockets where the miners in their perforations after copper ore, had dug through the ledge entirely, to the surrounding earth. Many of these cavities were still open, while others were filled with timbers bolted together. I examined them, and we concentrated our efforts upon one spot. We, by the light of our tapers, scratched out the dirt into baskets, and stowed it away in some of the leads, and in ten nights we approached nearly to the surface. The time of one of the prisoners had expired, and he was discharged; and as we ascertained subsequently, he told Capt. Tuller and the guard the whole history of our operations, and a watch was set at that point. As we peeped out of the hole, a blank cartridge was discharged at us, and we retreated into the cavern. Thus was lost a great many hours of hard labor, of no practical benefit to any living soul.

If this Judas had been returned to prison while I was there, he would have found that we had the memories of horses, if not the sound judgment of men. I always had an innate dislike to tale bearers, gossips and traitors, and when a man aroused my enemies to circumspection and watchfulness on my account, when no good could come to him from his revelations, I learned to avoid him in future, or if I came in contact with him, to point out to him the imperative necessity of exercising caution in all time to come. If my views were suddenly formed, I intended that they should be in accordance with that condition of things which I could reconcile with propriety.

My business in the prison had been chiefly in the cooper's shop. Many had become dextrous in the manufacture of barrels, and frequently finished our day's work by 2 o'clock P. M. The remainder of the day, we were at ease or at work for ourselves. Capt. Tuller, finding that we had become adepts in the trade, increased our work to three barrels a day. Some consented, with the promise of double rations. I admonished them of the impropriety of acceding to this demand, averring that in a few days their extra amount of food and drink would be withdrawn. The sequel proved it true, for their rations were reduced to the former standard, and their labor increased one third. I expostulated with them for their indiscretion, and they became angry, and to punish me for foretelling the truth, they reported to Tuller that I had tried to discourage them, and thus raise a muttering in our camp. Tuller came to me and demanded of me three barrels a day, or I should go to the Nail-Block. I refused, and made only two tight barrels a day. He in a few days came again and repeated his demand, but I refused to comply. He then said "I will take you to the nail block," and he did it. I was obstinate, and was not accustomed to go upon the back track.

The nail making business was considered the most menial of all the prisoner's duties, and to be taken from other trades and be confined to nail making was considered an ignominious punishment. He brought me in 57 lbs. of iron for a week's work, and it was a nail maker's duty to return in nails, eight pounds a

day. There were papers nailed up in this shop, stating that any prisoner who did not understand the blacksmith's business, should have six months in which to learn the trade, and thereafter he should be compelled to make eight lbs. a day. The first day I made four nails, and they were inspected and found to be as good as those made by the oldest workman. The Captain then came to me and declared that I had worked at the trade before. I told him that those four nails were the first I had ever made in all my life, and I told him the truth. He insisted upon it that a new beginner could not do as well as I had, but I declared again that I never before worked in iron during five minutes in all my life. I pointed to him the paper suspended on the wall, and that printed document gave me six months to learn in, and as I was sent there by the operation of law, I maintained that after six months had elapsed, and not before, was I obliged to make the eight pounds. Day after day I sat upon the anvil block, and did nothing at all.

At this time Thomas F. Rowland, Sheriff in Fairfield, came to the prison to see me. Tuller enquired if he knew me, and was answered that he did. He further enquired whether I was not familiar with the smith's trade. "No," said Rowland, "he never did any thing but ride about the country." I had learnt the trade by making four nails, and for more than a week was perfectly idle. I had long thought that the State should never find me a profitable prisoner. I made no calculations to enrich the public coffers by my hard labor. I did not intend to earn more than a liv-

ing, and this cost Tuller only a very small amount. I wanted to save my strength and vigor for future purposes, supposing truly that the land of steady habits would never thank me for excessive industry while cooped up, half starved, in that filthy prison. Daily I had a pint of eider to wash down the gristly portion of the beef bones, and while at ease I made the anvil block my seat, and saw the men work.

One day I persuaded Moore, one of the guard, to bring me a quart of rum, and having nothing to do, I drank largely of it, so that my step was unsteady. This day the Capt. was away until toward evening, and upon his return, found me asleep upon my block, and he put a basket over my head to provoke me. He saw that I had overdrank, and accused me of it. I denied it, and he insisted on it. "How then came you so drunk." I replied, that I had saved my eider in a jug for vinegar until I had got two gallons, and that I tasted of it, found it better than I expected, and thus drank too largely. But he saw the truth, and it was never in me to make any confession. He became stern and resolute, and unless I would make a full confession by what means I obtained the rum that had partially overpowered me, he would confine me in the dungeon. I walked up to Tuller, smiling blandly, and tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Capt. Tuller, you have been a father to me, always kind and obliging. Since our first acquaintance, I have set a high value on you for your honor, integrity and humanity, and I have great respect for you. Now, I know you will not be hard to me, you are too good a

man!" Tuller, subdued by my flattering, replied, "Stuart, I will give you a week to think of it, and then if you fail to tell me, I will chain you in the black hole and keep you upon bread and water until you confess." He then left me, and we went to our rooms.

After our attempt to escape by digging out, none of the prisoners were permitted to sleep in the huts below. Thereafter we all slept in the buildings above the ground, and as the guard was near us, we could contrive but little mischief. I went to the anvil and did nothing. Many of the guard, in the absence of the Captain, begged of me to go to work at nail-making, but as I had six months to learn in, I refused to budge one hair. Almost daily, I saw tokens of a storm gathering, and they saw it too ; but I was too inflexible to be warped from my purposes. If I had made nails a few days, Tuller would have reinstated me in the cooper's shop, and the whole matter would have blown over ; but my will was as stubborn as the heart of oak. I did nothing again for a week, but daily contrived to get rum, and when Tuller came round two or three times a week, he would bawl out, "What, drunk again, Stuart?" "No," I replied, "no more than I be this minute!" and away he went. He was getting more and more provoked at me because I was idle, and because that I daily got rum in some way that he could not discover. He expected to conquer me, but was unwilling to resort to harsh measures.—If I had told him, he would have fined Moore thirty dollars ; but let him do with me whatever he pleased,

I was not disposed to betray a man who supplied my wants. I was never guilty of such meanness, and I trust, I never shall be.

Another week passed by, and Tuller came to hear my confession. I persisted in saying that I had had no rum. He determined to conquer me. In a few days I was sent to the dungeon, and as the Captain supposed, kept on bread and water. This dungeon was about twenty feet square, cold and damp, rock above and rock all around, and the middle of the rock was a little elevated, so that the dripping water passed about the edge of this cavern. Upon the centre of this rock, I was chained by one leg to an iron bolt. Occasionally some of the men came down into the adjoining room, and supplied me with additional clothing, more food, and plenty of liquor. Tuller sentenced me to this place for twenty days; but in about twelve he liberated me, and I was brought into day-light again, and put to the nail-block, but did nothing.

There is a period in the history of nations, and in the lives of individuals, for which the laws have made no adequate provision, and great reformers have been thus compelled to resist, even unto death, the burthens that pressed them down to the dust. When Great Britain began to oppress the colonies and drive them into the most degrading bondage and abject servility, the far-sceing patriots associated to devise means to throw off the yoke that galled the necks of their countrymen. The whispers of rebellion soon echoed in the ears of the people, and the whole mass were gradually roused to resist encroachments upon their property.

liberty and life. The amelioration of the condition of nations has resulted from the virtues, inflexibility and determinations of men who were ready to stake means, life, and sacred honor, to sustain their right.

Such I felt to be our condition in this prison. By virtue of law we were here confined, and our oppressor was entrusted with the lives and welfare of men, for which he was held irresponsible. Tyranny calls for resistance, and though in its overthrow blood must be shed, and many victims sacrilegiously immolated on the altar of liberty, yet even these evils are the precursor of a better state of things. I weighed the whole subject of possible defeat and the probabilities of success, and devised plans for its accomplishment. Most of the guard I valued, but Corporal Rowe made himself restless and unhappy in his desire to annoy me, and I waited a few days until it came his turn to stand upon guard.

CHAPTER XXI.

Insurrection, which was defeated through cowardice—Desperately wounded—Long altercation with Capt. T.—His cruelty to me in hospital—Irons finally removed—Wounds did not heal, and life despaired of—Recovered, and put to making baskets—Further altercation with Capt. T—Advice to him—Reasons for insurrection—Badly fed, to put money in Capt. T's pocket—Kindness of the guard when I was cruelly chained down by Captain's order—Reflections on prison life—Judge Peters visited the prison—Knew him to be morose and unsympathising with fallible mortals—Answered his questions unsatisfactorily, and he appealed to Tuller, who said I was a nonsuch—Smith, a convict, cheated Capt. T.—Feigned myself lame and wholly unable to work—Asked Capt. T. to pity and discharge me—Refused me long, but finally gave me free papers for twenty dollars—Saw me in a few days well as ever—Regretted the discharge—Ordered me often, with a drawn sword, to leave for home—Staid round three weeks, and leisurely left for Bridgewater.

Our prison yard was something like a parallelogram with a wall twelve feet high on one side, and on the opposite, the prison buildings formed the outward barrier. My plan was understood in the various shops, and every prisoner stipulated to follow them out. I

was the chief, but as I had only twenty months to stay, others had more interest if the result should be successful. Liberty on earth was my watchword. Upon a given signal, I struck Rowe over the head with a bar of iron ; another man was directed to disarm him of his sword and pistols. Rowe lay still, but my man only took his sword and one of the pistols. Now I ascended the flight of steps and seized Bacon, one of the guard, and took the gun out of his hands, and put him down upon his back, and at this moment he again seized the gun, and two men came to my assistance and wrenched the gun from him. These prisoners, so courageous in advance, all left me to fight it out alone, except King, Stafford, and a mulatto.— While in a clinch with Bacon, our overseer blacksmith struck me over my left eye with a red hot iron bar, and though Bacon recovered his gun for a moment, I held him fast by his back and arms. At this moment Corporal Rowe having recovered from his blow on the head, with his remaining pistol, shot King in the arm. Now I was alone, with Bacon in my arms. Serjeant Griswold ran towards me, drew his pistol and aimed at me ; but as I had Bacon in my arms, he could not shoot without killing him. So I held on while Rowe was moving backwards and forwards, acting as my shield, when Griswold approached nearer, and I let go my hold on Bacon, jumped to grasp Griswold's pistol, he lowered the muzzle, and I received the ball in my groin. I jumped over the wall down twelve feet, went to the lower end of the shop to rally the men, when Riley, one of the guard,

discharged his musket, loaded with buck shot, at me ; but at the moment one of our men threw a hammer which elevated the muzzle of the gun, and an old coat hanging on a nail above my head received the charge. I could not rally them : they were in perfect confusion, a panic had seized them, and in the cooper's shop they were all huddled up like a flock of sheep when attacked by the dogs.

I tried again to rally them, and at this moment Capt. Tuller came in and struck me with a sword on my naked back and broke the sword into three pieces, and they fell upon the ground. I raved wildly, and was foaming with wrath, having been stripped of every particle of my clothing except the collar and wristbands of my shirt, and waistbands of my trousers, and was covered with wounds. In the conflict I had been pierced with bayonets in my throat, arms, and thighs, and a ball had entered my groin, my head cut with a sword, and my left eyebrow tore off by a stroke from a red hot iron bar. Never was a butcher more bloody, yet I was desirous of continuing the battle, and did my best to inspire my shrinking companions with courage. The guard sprang upon me, and closed up this terrible affray. I was verily overcome, but my spirit was unsubdued.

To me this conflict terminated disastrously ; but if my seventy men had been as brave as they promised to be, the whole prison would have had new governors in half an hour. King and I were heavily manacled with huge iron clasps and cable chains. They took us to the hospital ; and wounded as we were,

we had upon our limbs and body irons equal to our own weight. In about three hours, the wound from the ball began to give me the most excruciating pain, and it appeared to me that if pain ever killed a mortal being, I could not survive during the night. The ball in my groin has not been extracted to this day.

It was on the 23d day of May when we engaged in this awful conflict, and it was also my birthday. We received daily visits from the doctor and the captain, and they felt anxious to find out who struck down Corporal Rowe. I denied all knowledge of this part of the transaction, though I committed the deed. Tuller told me that he would pardon out two of the prisoners, so that they could testify against me. I told him that their oaths would not be allowed in court, and that there was not one prisoner in the whole gang that would not take a false oath to secure their liberty. I said to him, "I consider myself as good as the best of them, and I would do it any hour to get away from this place." "Well," said Tuller, "I know who struck him." "Very well," I replied, "if you know you need not tease me upon the subject."

I continued to wear my irons, though in the opinion of medical men, I could not possibly live. My wounds ran purulent matter beyond all calculation, oftentimes two quarts a day. A council of surgeons finally assembled to deliberate upon the expediency of taking my leg off at the hip. But they concluded that my case was hopeless; my flesh was wasted, appetite gone, yet still my unsubdued spirit rose in constant rebellion against my keepers. I had been kept

now for six months in this condition, with more than one hundred pounds of iron on me, and I was so weak that if these irons fell off from the bed at any time, their weight would drag me to the floor. Doct. Pond insisted that they should be taken off, and as I was in his opinion about to die, Capt. Tuller consented to their removal.

One day shortly after, Tuller came in, and told me that I should die. "No! no!" said I, "I shall yet live to eat the goose that is fatted off your grave."—Tuller says to me, "Stuart, you shall have any thing you ask for." "Yes, yes," said I, "you think I am about to die, and here you come offering to supply me with any variety of food and drink. You say you will send to Hartford to get me any thing I want. This is nice. Here I have been for more than six months starving and slowly perishing for want of proper food. What have I had? A burnt crust of sour bread soaked in old sour and musty cider, and now that I am going to die, you offer to give me food and take off my irons. No, let them be on, and I will go to hell with them jingling to let them know that I am coming. Capt. Tuller, you pretend to be something, perhaps a Christian. Look at me, then ask yourself the question! O you old land pirate, do you expect to get into Paradise from the recommendation of the poor fellows you have starved to death and flayed alive? Look about you, cruel man, and brutal as a savage; and here you come, just as I am about to die, and offer me kindness and favors when you know they can not do me any good." Thus I talked to him as fear-

lessly and boldly as I would have done to one of the meanest of our associates.

My irons were removed, but my wound would not heal. I was reduced to a skeleton, the most abject mortal being that cruelty ever brought down to the chambers of death. My wound continued to leak quarts of milky fluid every day, and the doctors affirmed again and again that I could not live. I asked Doct. Pond if he would allow me to prescribe for myself, and he replied in the affirmative. He gave me thirty blue pills, and a box of mercurial ointment. I took four pills daily and rubbed the unguent upon the inside of my legs, and dried it in by a hot fire shovel. In less than one week I was in a complete state of salivation, and the water ran from my mouth in large quantities. I sent to Hartford and got a pound of sulphur and half gallon of molasses, and mixed up a tea-cup full of it twice a day, and ate it down. I soon began to gain my health and appetite, and the captain gave me the choicest diet with great liberality. No man ever ate more in a given time than I did. Capt. Tuller had a good sister, who cooked for me in the best manner and in the greatest abundance. He permitted it willingly. When he came to look over his evil course of conduct toward me, he saw that he had done wrong, and the hundreds of visitors who came there saw the barbarous manner in which I was treated; it began to be a topic of conversation in almost every part of the state, and Tuller found the consequences of his brutality.

My health had much improved, and I began to make

baskets in a room in the prison. I became, as I think, a superior basket maker ; but I was lame, and could walk only with crutches. My business was very variable—sometimes for three days I would work steadily at baskets, and then again my wound would swell, break, and run, and lay me up for several days. I had been threatened with an indictment for my insurrection, and I concluded that I would not let my wound heal in a hurry. When alone, I would hold my foot in a pail of cold water for an hour, and the result was, I took cold in the sore, and it would be full of pain, then break and run again for many days. I was determined to satisfy the captain that I was only a bill of cost to the state, and that my wound would finally kill me, so that I should not be brought up for a new trial. Such charges against a criminal are outlawed in a year, and when this time had expired I knew I was safe in this respect.

When I was apparently upon the eve of death, Tuller came to me, and urged me to tell who struck Rowe. I told him that I knew nothing about it. “What, lie,” said he, “when you are dying?” “Here you come, Capt. when you think I shall not live two hours, and want me to lie for you. I shall not do it. You have just pardoned out Gillet, a sneak and a traitor. What do you think he says about you? He tells all about, that you whipt your wife at Hudson, that you failed for a great sum, that you have starved a great many to death, and killed many by punishment, and that you owed Squire Sheldon, chief inspector of the prison, a great deal of money, and he got you appoint-

ed here to get his pay. He says that the Squire is an old rogue, and that in war time he sold blue clay for indigo, and put sand in his sugar and polypod leaves in his tea. You pardoned him out because he was a Judas, a tell-tale among the prisoners, and now he talks about you, and is trying to get you displaced." "Does he say these things," said Tuller. "Yes," I replied. "If I could have known this, he should not have been pardoned." "Thus Captain, you see what you get for doing a favor to these rascals. They care nothing about you. It is their nature to be mean, and false, and you may trust to such men! Before I would be such a traitor I would cut my throat with a cross-cut saw. These mean fellows think that you value them because they report all they hear, and all that they can fabricate against us. I thought you a man of too much sense to put confidence in these deceitful, lying scamps. It injures you vastly in my estimation that you will permit such sneaks and eaves-droppers to be your guides. I trust that you may learn something yet. Have I ever been guilty of meanness?—Have I not stood up like a man under all circumstances? If I have not been a hero I have resolutely pushed my way on! If Gen. Hull had such soldiers as I had I never should have blamed him for delivering up his army. And you pardon these men to curry favor with them, and they go away and tell more lies about you than ever entered my heart! O Captain, never encourage sneaks and traitors. No good comes to any cause by setting such blind hounds on the track! They yelp by guess, and some of them have

decoyed you, lied to and cheated you, and are now reporting everywhere that you are a heathen and a brute.

I oftentimes had conversations with Tuller in reference to my insurrectionary efforts. I told him that a guard was useless to the prison, and said I, "Captain, your prisoners are nothing but a pack of sneaks and cowards; I could drive the whole of them to Hartford and back with nothing but a mullen. They will all lie and get drunk; I consider myself as good as the best of them, and I would take a false oath to secure my freedom; and you know that these cowards would do it ten times a day, if they thought it would avail them. They are, with the exception of four, a set of greasy, filthy and lazy cowards, and I swear you are their Captain. Justice may be done yet, Captain, and I shall treat you like a gentleman, when we have the exchange made, and you will live to see it. I hope in future you will be honest, for you see what dishonesty has brought upon me."

The causes of my insurrection were sufficient to justify it. When I was found guilty at the time of my trial, the sentence was in these words: "Wm. Stewart, the sentence of this court is, that you be confined in Newgate prison for five years, at hard labor and coarse diet, but a sufficiency of it." Tuller demanded of me three barrels a day, when two was a day's work for a strong and hearty mechanic. These barrels were made of staves an inch in thickness, thoroughly hooped, and so tight that warm liquor could

not escape through any crevice. Upon one head the name of the maker was burnt in with a hot iron, so that if the cask proved imperfect in any particular, the maker of it should be punished. The test was a severe one. There was a distillery close by upon the top of a sloping hill. Our barrels were filled with warm whisky, the bung driven hard, each barrel was rolled down the hill thirty rods, and was then examined to find any leaks or worm holes. Every barrel that I made passed the ordeal, so that my name on the cask gave it a reputation even in Litchfield and Hartford.

Our food was insufficient, not more than one-third that my system required. It was chiefly huck bones, bulls' neeks, and skins. If any marrow was in them it was bored out with large gimblets before it came to be cooked. When our scanty meals were taken from the pot, Capt. Tuller ordered the cook to skim off every particle of grease, and from the beef thus used in this prison he sold 3000 lbs. of tallow yearly. Our bread was made of rye and corn ground together, without bolting, and was hard enough for gun flints. Every prisoner grew thin and lean under this regimen. Besides the coarseness of diet, it was scant in quantity. I and my fellow prisoners have picked the bones all bare for a meal, and often it would not be two table spoons-full.

When Tuller demanded of us three barrels daily, I remonstrated. I said that unless he gave us a fullness of provisions I could not do it. A man half starved cannot perform hard work; his frame must have sup-

port under such burthens, or he will break down. Two barrels was a great day's work for full fed men, and scanted as we were, to fill his pockets with money, we could not comply with his requirements for any length of time, and as for myself I would not. I pointed out the words of my sentence to him, "hard labor and coarse diet, but a sufficiency of it." Said I, "Tuller, we are half starved, and have not strength to work. The government are not aware that the prisoners are dying with starvation, and you getting rich from us. Is this a christian land? Are you a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers? Was your father a tory, and did he delight in the misery of his fellow creatures? The punishment we endure is enough—to be secluded from our friends, chained in this pandemonium, and brutally driven like an ox to the slaughter, even if we had enough of the coarse offal to eat."

Then he chained me to the hated nail block, and I did nothing. I had my rights here. Tuller was not omnipotent, and I told him so, for the law was nailed up on the boards of our shop. But new editions of baseness, selfishness, and savage brutality were weekly published for our benefit, or rather our degradation. When Tuller got wearied with threatening, he began to execute. He had a vile and malicious temper, and when heated by vanity or luxuries, he carried out his threats. I was confined in a damp, cold and dark dungeon, and chained upon a wet rock, and, as he supposed, kept on bread and water. From the kindness of the guard I lived, and in about twelve days was taken from that infernal pit. I deliberated on

his systematic cruelty, and rebellion rose up in my heart. Life or death was before me ; I cared not which. Patience and endurance ceased to be virtues. I thought over the grievances of our fathers before the revolution. I called to mind the sublime and almost inspired Declaration of Independence, and the emotions of my soul were unutterable. My blood boiled like a heated cauldron, and when its surges came over me I was a Sampson in revenge.

I agitated the subject for successive nights and then communicated my decisions to my confidants in the prison, and at once had an army of seventy men under me to do my bidding. But in the time of trial, I failed through their cowardice. I was certain of success; but only two stood by me at the onset, and after a desperate struggle we were overpowered, wounded, and literally torn to pieces. Now I ask the candid reader, was not my course justifiable ? Unholy, illegal, and secret oppression was loading us with its burthens. Who would not revolt and break through the thralldom ? Life and death were before us, and though we had trampled upon the usages of society, and offended against its laws, yet no man is so far debased that he has not rights that verily belong to him, and if he be dispossessed of these, he must have a craven spirit to endure, without violence, the wrening of them from him by an unfeeling Nero. I care little whether the world justifies or condemns me, but while the vital fluids of our race make my heart to throb and my brain to think, I could not be tranquil and quiet under such unsanctioned and un-

mitigated oppression. Life to me would be valueless—death would be hailed as a divine messenger, and if I could have come off victorious, even though mortally wounded, I would say as did Gen. Wolfe at the great battle of Quebec, “I die happy and contented.”

Success in an untried enterprise is never certain. Many things occur in the prosecution of it for which no human foresight can provide, and these contingencies frequently exert controlling influences over the ultimate result. Projects the most feasible, promising the most auspicious terminations, are entered into by cautious and far-seeing men, and are prosecuted with consistency and shrewdness, and yet trivial circumstances, entirely overlooked, give a wrong direction to every plan, and total ruin inevitably follows. This is true especially in mercantile, military and political life.

Tuller gave me credit for the plan of operations, and it could have proved disastrous only by cowardice on the part of my forces, and never afterward did he address me by any title but captain, nor did he speak to King without giving him the cognomen of lieutenant. And if we gained nothing else by our enterprise, we secured the esteem and confidence of our keepers, and after their indignation had subsided, they respected us as men.

But to return to my tale. Almost daily I had conversations with Tuller, and I invariably talked with him “face to face, as man talketh with man.” He became convinced that his efforts to pardon some of

the criminals because of their revelations, was an error in judgment, and ill-timed. He saw that if he put confidence in prisoners, it should have been those of the highest grades of intellect ; of those who could think and act, and saving their bondage, who were men in earnest. If my keepers had treated me kindly, given me a sufficiency of food, and made no unreasonable demands for extra labor, in case these traitors and villains had raised an insurrection, I should have fought for my masters and shed the last drop of my heart's blood in their behalf. A criminal who is a man, values his honor, and adheres to it with fixedness of mind, and shows respect to him whom the law has made his overseer. I knew that I was guilty and deserved punishment, and I blamed no man who gave honest evidence against me. I respected him for his integrity and moral worth. I deserved the prison, the hard labor and the coarse diet, and as it was just, I resolved quietly to endure it. But prisoners have souls. Few keepers are aware of this, understanding such a fact as a fanatical whim. Yet it is verily true, as Tuller came within an ace of ascertaining to his sorrow. Even he learnt some lessons from his pen of human hogs.

Our prison yard was often thronged with visitors, and though frequently in the hospital, my efforts for freedom had been such that each was desirous of looking at me, to see whether I was an elephant or hyena. Among the multitude was Judge Peters, of the Superior Court. I never treated a gentleman with disrespect, for it was a principle with me to

manifest all due courtesy and deference to such as were in their intercourse with me, entitled to the appellation. I had heard much of this man, while in the common walks of life, and if I have rightly comprehended the low estimate in which he was held by the other judges, by the lawyers, by the jury and by the parties who had trials before him, I cannot give him a good name. His uncalled for severity towards criminals that were arraigned before him, universally met with the disapprobation of every man that sat in the court room during a trial. Vindictive in spirit, unsocial among gentlemen, proud of station, and distinguished for his penuriousness, he wielded an influence over society of a baneful nature. If his decisions were not corrupt, they led to a continuance of litigation, which operated unfavorably upon his reputation as a sound jurist, and I am told that the Supreme Court almost invariably reversed them, and ordered a re-hearing. When he arrived to the age of seventy a successor was appointed, well informed in the law, and acceptable to the people. "Requiescat in pace."

An incident or two respecting this man so presses upon my mind, that I am forced to admit them as part and parcel of this history. When he came to visit the prisoners, he bestowed all of his attention upon me, and neglected all the others. He seemed in pain to issue a bench warrant against me for my insurrectionary movements, and have me brought before himself for trial. He assured me of the result, with a boasting spirit, and began to interrogate me

with respect to my counterfeiting. "Where did you get the counterfeit money?" "That is my business," said I. "Now I am here, you have got to tell me. Where did you get it?" That is my business, I replied. "If you don't tell me, you shall have a trial for insurrection, and then you will catch it." I replied, "you are too late, the matter is beyond your jurisdiction, and you cannot help yourself."

He went out in a pet to Capt. Tuller, and assured him that he would fetch me up for striking Rowe, at the commencement of the battle.

Said Tuller, there was no doubt but he gave Rowe the blow upon his head, yet we can prove it only by the prisoners, and every one of them will lie like the devil.

Peters said, "I thought I could scare it out of him by my sternness, but he don't care any thing about it."

"No," said Tuller, "you cannot scare him, you cannot drive him, you cannot coax him. If he says any thing, he will stick to it, living or dying: I have tried him, and there is metal in him of the most effective sort."

But, says Peters, "he don't seem to be up to par." "Just try him, Judge, and you will not find his match in all North America. He would skin you, poor and wasted as he is, as sudden as a fisherman would an eel. He is kind and good natured, but trample upon him and his rights, no man living could resist it more effectively. I have tried him." The Judge left the prison and went his way, and received my anathema as his parting blessing.

A man by the name of Smith, a fine fellow, and yet a consummate rogue, was employed in the cabinet shop, and a very superior workman; would prick the roof of his mouth with a knife and the blood would run freely. He would try to cough; pretend to have pain at his breast, and make the men carry him to the hospital, and he and I would there contrive roguery and get away from work. One day he was thus brought in to the hospital, and a doctor was there from Hartford, who was requested by Tuller to examine him. He saw the mischief in a moment. Tuller had thus been cheated by him for a year, and now when the truth came to light, our Captain's wrath boiled. He put him upon the treadmill, hacked his head and body with his sword, and he fainted and fell. Tuller now attacked him with augmented fury, and cut and bruised him as if he was a wild beast, and almost killed him.

This specimen of tyranny and barbarism was soon reported around the country. This prisoner had a brother in one of the adjacent towns, who was a clergyman of distinguished merit. This gentleman came to the prison and brought with him Squire Sheldon, one of the inspectors and overseers of the prison, (who was so honest, that during the late war, he sold blue clay for indigo,) and charged Tuller with cruelty to his brother. Said he, "you have been beating my brother unlawfully." Tuller replies, "I will beat him again; you are as great a rascal as he is—you uphold him in stealing horses." The preacher says in his rejoinder, "Capt. Tuller, it will be wisdom in you

to recall these words, for if you leave these prison walls, the sheriff will catch you, even though he watch for you a year." Tuller ordered him out of the prison yard; but unless Squire Sheldon demanded it, Tuller's commands were inoperative. He says again, "Capt. Tuller, recall those words, or your days of prosperity are numbered." Tuller, fearful of an action of slander, recalled the charge and asked his forgiveness.

I heard it all, and it did me good. The preacher continued, "unless you will promise me now before Mr. Sheldon, that you will not punish my brother beyond the prison discipline, and restore to him the one hundred dollars you have taken from him, I will not accept of your recantation."

Tuller began to tremble, and solemnly promised to do what was requested if he would let the whole matter rest. Tuller said, "I was angry, and am now sorry for what I have said and done." Forgiveness was granted.

The Assembly was now in session and hosts of people came to the prison. I was still lame, my wound in the groin about once in three weeks would break anew, and run largely, and I was an expensive and unprofitable prisoner. I walked only on crutches, though if I had tried I could have done better at locomotion than I did. There was then a regulation in the prison by which the keeper could aid a poor fellow, and I wished to avail myself of it, and thus continued unnecessarily lame and decrepid. In those days, when a man was sentenced for any given peri-

od, after his time had expired the Capt. was bound to hold him in bondage until the expenses of our jail confinement and costs of trial were paid, at the rate of five dollars per month. My expenses amount to three hundred seventy five dollars, and at five dollars a month would take seventy five months, or six years and three months to pay up. Now upon the expiration of the prisoner's term, in case he was unhealthy, or unable to earn wages and his diet, or had conducted himself properly while in prison, the Captain had the power to remit this part of the penalty. I had now stayed more than four months beyond the period of my sentence, and I kept my lameness up, sometimes by holding my foot in cold water, when I could do it without detection, and thus get cold in the wound, and make it painful and inflamed. At other times, when walking over the yard, if Tuller or the officers of the guard were in sight, I would stub my toes and tumble upon the ground, and groan as if I had hurt me in a shocking manner.

One day in the last of May 1825, I boldly went on my crutches to the Captain's house and asked him to free me. "No, Stuart, I cant let you go,—there will be trouble with me if I do." "Captain, I must go ; I have a poor family, I am lame for life, and if I have done wrong, I have been dreadfully punished. I cannot earn my living, I am an expense to the State, and though you set store by me, and will mourn my absence, you must let me go. If I can get a little money, I will pay you for granting me the privilege." Said he, "Stuart, if you will get me twenty dollars I will

discharge you." I replied, "Where, Captain, can I get money; you must not be hard with me. I am bad off, lame, poor and good for nothing. I am a bill of cost, and cannot help it." "Well, well," said he, "get me twenty dollars and I will make out your free papers." I started in a hurry, tumbled down before the Captain's eyes, and rolled over in the dirt, and groaned aloud in apparent pain, but got up again, went to the shops and borrowed the money. When I returned, my papers were made out. Tuller started up, after I gave him the money, and said, "Stuart, you shall not go now. You contrived with Smith to cheat me." "Well give me back the money." "No, I will not, I will keep the money and you too." "Ah, Captain, this is hard and cruel, and I have been punished enough to satisfy any reasonable man. Have pity on me, and my poor family." "Get me two dollars more, and you may go." I borrowed it, and he discharged me?—the gate was opened, and I cursed the place and left it.

We had no business to be bribed, but I did not care. Money has charms that nothing else possesses. I threw away my crutches and went to Buck's tavern and got some rum, and lounged about all day. Next day, Tuller came to the tavern to drive me off. He pulled out his sword, and said, "Be off,—away with you.—clear out,—go home; I will not have you here; be off." He flourished his sword over my head, as he had done to others when discharged. Said I, "Tuller, don't you strike me; I am out of your jurisdiction now, and if you strike me, I will smite you down

quicker than ever God killed an Indian. Look out for yourself. I will stay just as long as I please, and it is none of your business, and you will find it out if you touch me, you old God-forsaken tyrant." He left me. Unless he had discharged me, I had resolved to set fire to the prison that night and burn down the whole concern. I was determined, and it would have been done.

As he was starting away, he saw that I was blithe, elastic, and scarcely lame at all; and he said to me, "Had I known that you could move about so easily, I would have kept you here as long as grass grows and water runs." Said I, "you would not have been so hard Captain; you would let me go at the general resurrection." I stayed at the tavern and at the house of his sister for three weeks, and recruited finely. Tuller was fearful that I should set the prison on fire, scatter his men, burn up the lice, fleas, and bedbugs, and put an end to his despotism. When I got ready, I went back to my family in Bridgewater.

CHAPTER XXII.

Having returned from Newgate, renounced a reckless life, and went to work—Reflections on Newgate, as a high school of vice—An old rogue called on me, and I urged him to stop short—Did not heed me, but stole a horse and took him to Maine—Was suspected there, and compelled to prove ownership, or forfeit one hundred dollars—Returned and associated with others in horse thievery—Was finally arrested, and Orton, his counsel, advised him falsely to accuse me of being a confederate—I was examined, and fully exonerated.

Now I went to work as industriously as ever man toiled. I took a solemn oath to renounce roguery forever. I had been a transgressor for years ; had spent my patrimony and reduced my family to want ; “live or die, sink or swim,” I swore that my career of crime was ended, closed, and finished. My determinations, when I had the power, were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable and irrevocable ; I had a will, unbroken amid the calamities and changes that had occurred. My former associates gathered around me and endeavored to induce me to walk in our old paths, and I treated them and their projects with scorn and derision, and drove them away. I had done enough—I had suffered like a martyr at the stake—I had wasted my substance and the choicest season of my life in riotous prodigality

and crime. I saw it all. I felt that I would not pass such another ordeal for all the wealth, honor and acclamations of every intellect in the limitless empire of the Most High.

This resolution still abides, and has been in my heart every hour since it was made. I became steady and diligent, and if I had added one other clause to my resolves, I should have been redeemed. But I loved rum, and though not as in former years, yet then I had not renounced the root of all evil. I had occasional spree, and relished them, but not a farthing of counterfeit notes or coin has passed into or out of my hands, knowingly, since the day when I made my memorable resolutions. A new chapter in my life began to cheer my hopes, and lead me to look into the future with comfort.

Though my transgressions have been multiplied through a series of years, yet they have been only of a two-fold character. Even though I say it, the assertion is, nevertheless, true. With the exception of the trivial depredations upon orchards and melon patches in the days of boyhood, I have never in a single instance been guilty of theft, robbery, burglary or horse stealing. I have not broken the enlarged criminal codes in any degree, excepting the necessary revolt and insurrection at Newgate. This encounter I did not dignify with the name of crime. It was the result of illegalized oppression, and in performing a sacred duty, I could not have done otherwise. An important consequence to the welfare of prisoners flowed from it. It opened the eyes of legislators to see,

the glaring evils consequent upon prison life and morals, and the causes of perpetuity in crime.

Newgate was a high school for rogues, and few prisoners ever left it, as tyros in the science of iniquity. Crowded in small apartments, away from the surveillance of its officers, every crime was concocted with all the nice manipulations of a chemical professor, and if any man left the place unimproved in the arts of deviltry, it was owing to the obtuseness of his mental powers. Collections of criminals, who have full and unrestricted intercourse, harden each others' hearts, and debase and lower the standard of public honor.

After this unsuccessful conflict, the public mind awoke to the subject of prisons, and prison discipline early engaged the attention of our legislature, and the present prison at Wethersfield was soon erected, and old Newgate abandoned forever.

For five years I steadily followed my agricultural pursuits, and the people generally became satisfied that I was weaned from my vicious propensities. My business was thriving; I worked diligently, my wound was healing, and I felt myself a new man. I still had enemies who exhibited the vindictiveness and spiteful characteristics of low and groveling minds.

Smith, the prisoner that was so cruelly beaten by Tuller, having long since been discharged from prison by the expiration of his sentence, called on me in the evening. He was bred a horse-stealer, and as he was on his way to my place he saw a fine one grazing in a field near a brick farm house, and he covet-

ed the animal. He was urgent that I should aid him in his designs. I refused, and said further, that if he was intending to steal in my vicinity, I wished he would never darken my doors. The people all know what I have done, and where I have been, and if you are seen here and afterwards should steal a horse, I shall be suspected. "Now I tell you," said I, "abandon criminal pursuits. You cannot escape. You have been in five state prisons already, and do you not think it enough? I never stole, nor will I ever. Loss and ruin is hard upon your heels, and henceforth I will never be a rogue. If I ever go to prison again, I will go innocent. My advice to you is, to abandon criminal pursuits forever."

Smith left me in a surly mood. In one week Stephen Treat's horse was stolen from his pasture, and no trace could be found of him. I was at home, and busy every day at my work, and heard nothing of it early. In a day or two C. Morris called and said, "the devil was to pay up the street, for Stephen Treat's horse had been stolen, and that Whittlesey Wheeler was suspected." Wheeler had been a state prison convict. I assured Morris that Wheeler was at work for C. Edmonds, and was not the rogue. He went there and found it so, and then insisted that I should go with him on a search for the criminal. I refused, and told him that I should have nothing to do with it. I wished to avoid trouble, for I knew that if I joined him in the chase and found the horse, some would think that I was privy to the theft. Morris left me in high displeasure.

In about a week Smith came to my house in the night season and confessed the theft. He rode the beast into the state of Maine, and turned him into a pasture. The next day a woman saw him working at the animal, and it awakened suspicion that something was wrong. The neighbors examined it and ascertained that he had been painting the white strip on his forehead to a red color. Smith was arrested, and on condition that he would deposit one hundred dollars with the magistrate until he proved the purchase of the horse to be a bona-fide transaction, he was suffered to pass away. The horse was advertised in the newspapers, but no owner called for it.

Smith came to me for evidence, and if I would swear that I was present when he bought it in Philadelphia, he would get the one hundred dollars returned. I unceremoniously drove him away, and he was provoked at me. He then inquired for Wheeler, and I informed him that he was at Charles Edmonds'. The day following, Wheeler came to me to borrow a shirt and pantaloons to go abroad. I suspected his mission, and charged it upon him. He said that he had engaged to meet Smith at the house of Jotham Sherman the same evening. I remonstrated with him and told him that he would get into trouble before he came back, and he was a fool to set a trap to catch himself, and he went back to Edmonds. But he deliberated on the subject, and decided to meet Smith in Jotham's den agreeably to appointment, and they went to Maine together. Wheeler took the oath required, and the one hundred dollars was returned.

Smith and Wheeler drove the horse to Groton, Conn., and there left him for a season.

They now became as twin brothers in the trade, stole horses in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and rode them in the vicinity of Dover, N. Y., where a son of Jotham resided. They plundered the pastures in Dutchess county, and took them to Groton for sale. Many people saw strangers riding to and fro, and in every journey they had fresh horses, and suspicion were awakened that all was not right, and the public officers were put on the watch. Men from the eastward came on in quest of horses that were stolen there, and a descent was made upon young Sherman's establishment, and Smith, Wheeler and Sherman were put under keepers. Smith was vexed at me, because, to induce him to make confession, these officers said that I put them upon his track. I had said that I could probably find Treat's horse, and Smith being caught, declared that I stole Treat's beast, and delivered it to him for seven dollars.

The matter had thus progressed, when a strong suspicion arose against me. Smith had once been in my house in the day-time, and on leaving I walked a hundred rods with him to dissuade him from following the promptings of his own vicious heart. The public now began seriously to think I was implicated in this horse theft, and a process for my arrest was issued. I thought of the fable of poor Tray found in bad company. They brought me before Judge Boardman for trial, and after a long and patient inves-

igation of the whole case, he dismissed the complaint as unworthy of credit.

My enemies felt discomfited and dissatisfied.—Smith, in his anger, had charged the act on me, and I urged the prosecutor to bring him into court, that I might inquire of him concerning the pretended agency, but he declined. Smith had his trial, and was confined in Litchfield jail.

About a fortnight afterwards, it was noised about that I was to be arrested again on the same charge. I was willing to stand my chance if they thought best to try again, and they did it. Upon this trial the magistrates who held the court were resolved to bind me over to the county court, and though I proved by my daughters and my neighbors that I was at home when the horse was stolen, the determination of my judges was unwavering against me. On the night in question, one of my daughters was about the house all night, enduring a long and severe paroxysm of theumping tooth-ache, and I was up six or seven times prescribing and administering medicines to relieve her. The facts of my innocence and ignorance were fully made out, and it was the first time that I was thankful that a member of my family had been visited with distracting pain.

They sent me to jail, in the opinion of the people, very wrongfully. They gave me a room in this prison apart from Smith, fearing evil from placing us together. When the court sat, a petty lawyer by the name of Orton was retained by Smith as his counsel. He entered Smith's room in jail to converse with him

on his approaching trial. Says Orton, in my hearing, to Smith, "What are you going to do about the Stephen Treat horse?" Smith replies, "I shall plead guilty." "No ! no !" says Orton, "stick to it, and say that Stuart stole it and delivered it to you in Roxbury, and we will save you and fleece him. Now stick to it, and tell the court that you gave him seven dollars for the job." Says Smith, "I tell you the truth now, Stuart advised me to abandon roguery forever, and he had nothing to do with the concern. He did not know anything about it, and I was mad when the officers said that Stuart put them on the track after me, and I lied about him. Stuart is no longer a rogue."

This infamous limb of the law urged Smith to charge the crime on me, saying, "this is the best way and it will work well." Orton turned to leave the prison, not aware until then that I heard every word of his conversation. I then raised the voice of indignation, and he endured my withering and sarcastic anathemas as well as any rascal could. I told him that when he again urged his clients to commit perjury, I hoped he would be smitten with sudden death, like Ananias and Sapphira.

When my case was called, Judge Boardman looked over the papers and said that he tried me once upon the same charge and nothing appeared against me, and thus the case was dismissed, and I was discharged. Orton was a small man in small things, but Morris, my vile neighbor, had to father this fell spirit of persecution. His course and that of his household, since that period, have been unusual for honest men.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Narrow escape in falling a great distance on rocks, while hunting raccoon—Also, in upsetting horse and wagon into the Housatonic in a dark night—General remarks on past life—Brutality of prison keepers—Advice to youth to shun vicious companions—Roguery follows close on the heels of Intemperance—Stringent laws against the use of Alcohol may do good, but individual resolution to taste not and handle not, will do better.

My life for several years had no stirring incidents in which the reader would be likely to take an interest. I had seasons of wildness, but committed no crime. This country abounded in game, and when I engaged in it no man followed it with more zeal and ardor. A raccoon hunt like to have proved fatal to me. A number of neighbors came one bright moonlight evening and urged me to join them in hunting these ponderous animals, and I took my dog and gun and went out into the mountains in quest of game. Our dogs soon drove a raccoon into a tree top, and I ascended after him to shake him off, and crawled out upon a limb; having drank some rum before starting from home I felt as buoyant as a cork. The animal sprang from the tree, and I jumped after him, and fell among the rocks slightly bruised. The next day, some of the company measured the distance, and

found that I fell more than forty-two feet, and yet escaped with very slight injuries.

A year after, as I was returning from a grist-mill in New-Milford, with a wagon loaded with flour and meal, I was suddenly checked in my course. The night was dark, and the pathway cut into the sides of the precipitous hills upon the margin of the Housatonic river, my horse failed to keep the road, and the wagon wheels ran off the embankment, and down went my horse, wagon and load, at an angle of eighty degrees, full fifty feet into the river below, where the water was ten feet deep. The stream was frozen except in this cove, and the water a few feet beyond more than twenty feet deep, with a rapid current. The darkness here was intense, and I shouted for help in the loudness of a lion's roar, and struggled to save my horse and wagon with superhuman strength. After one hour's trial in the cold stream, with the aid of help, I gained the earth with my team, and in a chilled condition. This, upon the whole, was the narrowest escape with life that I ever sensibly passed through.

From my early childhood up to this time, the incidents of my life have been of the most hazardous kind, and yet I have passed through them all without the fracture of a bone or dislocation of a joint; and in the retrospect I have now taken of the scenes through which I have passed and in which I have been a prominent actor, it seems verily marvelous that I am in the land of the living. Not one man in a thousand, venture to say, could have survived to my age and

-been able to tell the woeful tale. If any errors have crept into the work they are purely chronological, for a man in my time of life may not recollect the precise date of occurrences and events.

A few important principles legitimately flow from this strange narrative. Reason was given to our race to guide us onward in the pathway of rectitude, and as a distinctive work of man's pre-eminence over other created beings. A rogue abandons these prerogatives, and thus approaches the lower order of animalization. His powers of mind are unlawfully exercised, and he forsakes the truth and embraces error. The true spirit of crime is in the intention. Physical force performs the transgression, but the sin lies deeply in the mental organ, and manifests itself in aberration of conduct. Hence punishment is usually more fitted to discipline and subdue the bodily organs than to change morally the wanderings of the heart. Men are made to fear the requirements of law, because they impair the physical forces of the transgressor. Coarse diet, hard labor, and an abridgment of liberty, concentrate their efforts to tame and control the wild impulses of the passions. The criminal is thus compelled to give reason an opportunity to reinstate itself, and when the corporeal system is reduced by these agents, calmness and thoughtfulness may succeed. Thus there is virtue in penalties and physical submission. The social spirit of man is permitted to have full scope when those who invade our rights are removed from amongst us. Hence the necessity of law, and that its vitality be maintained. Unimpaired

ed reason compels men to enact and execute them, and if in the present state of society our criminal codes were abolished, anarchy and civil war would ensue.

Hence then it is essential that rogues should be punished, and removed where their evil propensities cannot be indulged to the disturbance of the tranquillity and peace of others. I had knowingly set at defiance the laws of the land, and deserved punishment.

To manage prisoners properly, we need a Solon to guide us. Prison keepers are usually despots. Their words are law, peremptory and inflexible. Their station very naturally engenders a spirit of tyranny and oppression, which they are apt to manifest unnecessarily. Their feelings of benevolence, when first entering upon their duties, are shocked, in due time blunted, and finally extinguished. They thus forget that the prisoners over whom they rule with a rod of iron, possess any claims upon humanity. Here is counteracted and lost the reformatory tendencies of a prison life, and hatred and revenge become riveted in the hearts of felons. If they repent of their crimes, it is but the sorrow of Judas.

Unkind treatment, brutal severity, and a disregard of suffering, poisons every sensibility of a prisoner's soul; and when their terms of service have expired, they are often disposed, from these causes, to make unlawful inroads upon the property and peace of society. Possessing erring propensities, and thus incited to harden their hearts and trample on law and justice, it is rare that a prisoner is not again incarce-

rated for crime. Revenge is nourished by brutality and imperious domination. When opportunity offers, they display the hardihood and depravity that have been taught them by unfeeling masters. Public sentiment is outraged, and the poor felon is again driven to his cell, and there proves that to him life is a curse rather than a blessing. Our prison discipline is hence injudicious, and has not improved much under the lauded benevolence of the age. I never objected to rational punishment. I always felt that a prison properly conducted was essential to the quiet and safety of the community, but I was never a tenant of a prison calculated for such purposes. To starve a prisoner and then compel him to the severest and most protracted labor, if not brutal, is inhuman and unchristian.

If I had reformed, it was not from the influences that prevailed at Newgate. Every thing there conspired to render wicked men more wicked. Most of those imprisoned there soon returned as convicts. I abandoned crime as profitless, as the sure precursor of hopeless ruin. It lost all its charms, and entailed upon me miseries incalculable. I had been a terror in community, and when I returned from my five years' hard service to my family, I was regarded as a demon. Time has worn off the asperities of youth and the dread of my presence. I now move among men as one of the human family. But the impressions of unwarrantable oppression stamped upon my brain are indelible.

I can consistently give advice to the world. My

experience has been sad and severe. Comforts never arise from dissipation, wickedness and crime. True and rational enjoyments never spring from vicious propensities. Indulgences in errors never gladden the heart permanently, nor light up the smiles of happiness on the circumstances of men. Wayward passion brutalizes the sympathies of our natures, makes us approximate towards the brutes, and kindles within us fires that scorch, pollute, and blast all that is excellent in our organization. Then should not men beware of the rapid stream that hastens on a useless life, to terminate in a felon's grave. An unblest life, and a death in an ignominious prison, will be his only portion. If he lie in the tomb of infamy, unregarded and unlamented, they who knew him, reproachfully aver, in the language of the inspired penman, "Good would it have been for that man had he never been born."

The history of a criminal may contain spirited details of narrow escapes, but the subject of such history cannot be contemplated without horror, and if he continue in crime and perish in its toils, it is wisdom to forget him. But if reformation drive away the clouds, restore him to his family, society and usefulness among men, surely an outline of his career, followed up by the axioms of truth, may be a warning to those who are about to raise a standard against the laws of their country. Let the youth beware, let them take heed, for no course other than one of honesty can abide the test of time.

At first, most rogues are artificial—the result of

circumstances and associates, and when once initiated, pride and will urge them forward. Strong drink is a powerful incitant to crime ; it is prominent in the seduction of youth, and is the *primum mobile* in his first tendencies to the paths of vice. A bottle of brandy ornaments the table in the reception room of rogues, and is as important in their deliberative bodies, as a yoke is upon the necks of oxen in a farmer's field. This is provided under a full knowledge of its inspiring qualities, and is received by them with great gusto.

Now it is incontestible that no legislation, no sanguinary criminal codes, and no anathemas of ultraists, will break up the gangs of rogues widely dispersed over the country, as long as alcoholic beverages are allowed by law. And yet to many, legislative enactments against evils seem useless when the laws are not sustained by the mass of the citizens. Continued agitation will do much to open the eyes of those blinded by selfishness or appetite. But the spirit of independence so prevalent in this land, wars against restrictions, and induces men to be jealous of what they think to be *their rights*. Thus we are singularly constituted, and while men act for themselves and in accordance with the doctrines so wide spread through our whole country, they are ready to resist the first glimmerings of oppression. Again, while legislators who make laws for their constituents, are daily guilty of infractions of the statutes they enact, the laws lose all moral force before issuing from the legislative hall. Men great and small, honest and dishonest, have ap-

petites. For a while they cultivate self denial and expediency, but time breaks up associations, old habits and tendencies return, and they seek to gratify an appetite once abjured. Firmness and inflexibility are at best, transitory passions. Time works changes in the minds of men. The sum of the whole matter goes to prove, that morally, the race is depraved, and if depraved men enact laws to control others, we have only to watch carefully the proceedings of the courts, to learn how such laws are evaded, rejected, or perverted. Is it possible, while men are born with strong appetites, successfully to keep them under a consistent subjugation? I leave the question as I found it, unsettled—ardently hoping that what the law may fail to do, in that it is weak, will soon be effectually done by the second sober thought and common sense of the people, until the use of spirituous liquors as a beverage, shall be frowned upon indignantly by every lover of his country and the best interests of men.

Let no man become a rogue. Vice is hostile to our best interests; it is an enemy in our midst; an enemy, though partially vanquished, yet not overcome. Let reason guide. "O that men would not put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains!" I have done it, and have reaped the consequences. Others have met with a like fate. The destiny of the rogue and the spirit drinker is one. Nothing but moral honesty will abide the test of time. Nothing but purity of life should be our aim. All else is troublesome, painful and afflictive. All else is ruinous, and overwhelming.

If my life shall induce one rogue to abandon his calling, and become an upright and honest man, my story will not have been told in vain. If my admonitions shall prevent even one youth from entering into a criminal course, the detail herein given will not be lost. My experience has been much, but I have been compelled to adopt the maxims of wisdom. All else is profitless. I was misguided,—I adopted an unwise and unsafe course, and ruin overwhelmed me. This will be the doom of all rogues, and it is verily true, that every deviation from right will be visited, in due time, with appropriate punishment.

NOTE.—In this work, some typographical errors have doubtless escaped detection, but the only error which will be noticed here, is a transposition of *two lines* at the bottom of the 16th page, which should have been placed at the top in order to a correct commencement of that and the 17th page.







